The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 617. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER] SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

PRISONERS NOW EXCEED 7000

BRITISH GAIN NEW POSITIONS.

LINES EXTENDED ON YPRES AND SCARPE FRONTS.

GERMAN AMMUNITION TRAINS BLOWN UP BY AIRMEN.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that the total number of prisoners taken by us since the morning of the 7th inst. now exceeds 7000. A great number of guns, machine guns, and trench mortars are still buried under the debris.

Except for artillery activity on both sides yesterday passed quietly on the battle front south of Ypres.

The Press Association correspondent states that the German losses in the Messines battle were appalling, being out of all proportion to the average ratio of the number of prisoners taken. All attempts at counter-attacks have been broken up by our artillery before coming within rifle range.

The Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates has addressed an appeal to the army, in which they reject a cunning proposal to indicate the way towards a separate and honourable peace sent by wireless to Russian troops by the Commander-in-Chief of the German Armies on the Eastern front.

The appeal points out that the defeat of the Allies would mean the defeat of Russian liberty, and calls attention to the number of troops and guns which have been transferred from the Eastern to the Western front.

POSITIONS IMPROVED ON THE SCARPE.

British General Headquarters,
France, Saturday, 9.20 p.m.

Except for artillery activity on both sides the day has passed quietly on the battle front south of Ypres.

We have gained ground slightly on the right flank of our new positions.

The total number of prisoners taken by us since the morning of the 7th inst. now exceeds 7000.

A great number of guns, machine guns, and trench mortars are still buried under the debris.

On the Scarpe battle front we have improved our positions during the day in the neighbourhood of Greenland Hill.

In the course of bombing raids carried out by our aeroplanes against the enemy's railway stations on the night of the 7th-8th inst. a large accumulation of rolling stock containing ammunition was detonated by a bomb.

The fires and explosions caused continued until dawn.

Yesterday three German aeroplanes were brought down in air fighting, and four others were driven down out of control.

Six of our aeroplanes are missing. Two of these were lost as the result of a collision during a fight with a number of hostile machines over the enemy's lines.

ENEMY LOSSES APPALLING.

MASSED ATTACKS BROKEN UP.

INCREDIBLE WORK BY AIRMEN.

(By Press Association Special Correspondent.)
Headquarters, British Army,
France, Saturday Night.

We have yet to see the full strategic results of the magnificent victory won by the army of General Sir Herbert Plumer.

It opens possibilities which will doubtless be adequately debated by the military critics, but which it is scarcely within the province of a war correspondent in the field to touch upon.

Most of the fighting in the Somme area was tactical. Vimy and Messines are distinctly strategic victories. They have changed the whole aspect of the situation upon the Western front north of Arras. Two such crushing blows within a comparatively short time against the prestige and material strength of the Germans are most encouraging.

Time marks in the progress of the war. Everywhere out here you see the effect of Thursday's triumph. The old trench gag—"Are we winning?"— is now accompanied by a very acquiescent smile. But the most interesting speculation of the moment is as to what the Huns will do to try and retrieve their bankrupt credit.

Lost for All Time.

Whilst it is always dangerous to be prophetic in war time, it is reasonably safe to say that they have lost their two impregnable positions of Vimy and Messines for all time. The most amazing feature about the Messines victory was the rapidity with which the decision was gained. The fighting was relatively little more than a minor feature of the battle. In saying this I do not for one instant wish to be misunderstood, as in any way minimising the splendid elan and valour of our men. Whole companies reached their objective without a casualty.

After the fight I hear that General Sir Hubert Gough visited the ground from which his cavalry were driven by overwhelming numbers in October, 1914, and that he did not see a single British corpse in No Man's Land.

It is becoming increasingly certain that the enemy losses were appalling and quite out of proportion to the average ratio that may be based upon the number of prisoners.

Probably we shall never learn how many guns the Germans lost in this battle, since such a large number are known to have been buried and the troops were forbidden to waste time in hunting for trophies, it being infinitely more important that they should dig trenches instead.

The work of our airmen baffles all the adjectives of admiration—their daring is incredible. For example, one pilot, spotting a German Staff car spinning along the road, with five glittering officers in it, dived to within four feet of it, the observer keeping his Lewis gun buzzing all the time, and in the effort to escape the vehicle swerved into the bank, and the airman saw the occupants flung clear of the crash in a smother of dust and fumes.

The situation down to last evening has remained relatively quiet, save for the incessant gunning, in which we greatly preponderate, since the battle was won according to plan.

The Germans have massed several times, but our artillery has usually broken up these concentrations before they got within rifle fire, and it is rumoured that the officers are finding it very difficult to get their troops to face the tornado of shells. This rumour, however, should not be regarded seriously, in view of the general counter-attack which was attempted last night.

Artillery Support.

The smartness with which the artillery supported the infantry was beyond praise. An incredible number of guns had moved up well in the rear of the new positions before the sun had soared far above the horizon. If the enemy will throw in his reserves in the same lavish way he did after the battle of Arras he will be doing just what, I am sure, Sir Douglas Haig would most wish. The lesson once more emphasised by the battle of Messines is that no defences can withstand a sufficient weight of heavy artillery. We have now that sufficient weight, and perhaps a bit to spare, and what is more, we are steadily winning the commanding positions from which to employ it to the most deadly advantage.

NO NEW ATTACKS.

Significant German Report.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The German evening official communique states:—

From the termination of the engagements of yesterday evening until now there have been no new attacks of the English between Ypres and Armentieres.

On the other fronts there is nothing new.

GUNS BUSY AT ST QUENTIN

French Repulse Surprise Attacks.

Paris, Saturday Night.

To-night's French official report says:—

Artillery fighting was very lively at times in the region to the south-east of St Quentin, and to the north-west of Braye-en-Laonnois, where an enemy surprise attack was easily repulsed.

On the rest of the front the day was quiet.

PREPARATORY WORK PERFECT.

NOTHING WAS LACKING.

Paris, Saturday.

The writer, who signs himself under the pseudonym of Polybe, has a vivacious article in to-day's Figaro on Great Britain's magnificent effort in this war. He says:—

What a great people! What a fine army! England, which was the very temple of peace joined the greatest war in history for Belgium, for justice, and for a scrap of paper.

She was a small country with a small paid army, and has by means of universal conscription raised millions of men. She is the mother of the Parliamentary system, and she has a great statesman in the Government.

She has no more foreseen th esubmarine war than the war itself, but has now for some weeks dealt with the pirates by means of inventions and tactics which will be the admiration of history. Lovers of good cooking, her people have, without complaint ratined themselves, and have sacrificed their plum puddings as willingly as Abraham intended t sacrifice his son Isaac. England has inherited her tenacity from Rome. Our tenacity and coolness surprised her a little; so all the more admiration is due to her for surprising us.

Another Glorious Page.

He who murmurs into her ear the Boche peace formula will find he has made a mistake. Now there is another glorious page to be added to so many others. While the army which carried the Vimy Ridge and pushed forward along the banks of the Scarpe is shaking the Hindenburg lines, another army is driving the Germans out of their salient south of Ypres. The saying, worse than an earthquake, no longer holds good. Earthquakes will be referred to in the future as being as terrible as the British bomberdment.

The Petit Parisienne says:—A face especially to be noted in the present British offensive is the excellence of the preparatory work, which was indeed perfect. Nothing was lacking.

NAVAL AIR RAID.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON ST DENIS.

AERODROME BOMBED.

London, Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

A bomb raid on the St Denis, Westrem, aerodrome was successfully carried out to-day (Saturday) by the Royal Naval Air Service.

All our machines returned safely.

A NEW CONFERENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

TO ASSURE WORKING CLASSES' POSITION.

Stockholm, Friday.

A Conference of the International Syndicate, at which Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria were represented, has invited the organised working classes of all countries to a new conference in Switzerland on September 17 next, at which each country should have up to ten representatives.

The Conference expresses the hope that a meeting of the kind will prove to be of decisive importance in assuring the international position of the working classes.

The Conference also decided to send telegrams to M. Hoharx, president of the Central organisation of the French Internationals, welcoming the decisions of the Leeds meeting to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates in Petrograd, with the expression of a desire that the Council should be represented at the Conference in Switzerland.

AMERICA'S LIBERTY LOAN.

Success Assured.

Washington, Saturday.

The progress reported by banks, trust companies, employees, and other agencies which are soliciting subscriptions ensures the undoubted success of the Liberty Loan.

There are over five hundred thousand individual subscribers in the Second Federal District alone, with more than a week to go before the books are closed.

AMERICA'S NAVAL HELP.

Tribute by Mr J. H. Thomas, M.P.

London, Saturday.

An impressive tribute to the effective work which is being accomplished by American warships in combating the submarine menace was forthcoming to-day from Mr J. H. Thomas, M.P., who returned from the U.S. in company with Mr Balfour, and who this year distributed prizes at Broomfield College, Palmer's Green.

Mr Thomas, speaking of the return voyage, said that towards the end of the trip the vessel by which Mr Balfour and himself travelled picked up signals from half a dozen other ships in the vicinity.

It was with feelings of great joy and gratitude that they sow a number of American warships race up to patrol their course and accompany them safely to port.

TURKS AND WAR PRISONERS.

General Townshend's Treatment.

Paris, Saturday.

Mr A. Elkris, U.S. Ambassador at Pekin, and formerly Amabessador at Constantinople, who is on his way to Paris, has been interviewed by a representative of the Journal. The Turks, generally speaking, says Mr Elkris, behave generously towards their enemies, and their prisoners are well treated.

The most distinguished among these, the British General Townshend, and hero of Kut, said he had had many times occasion to praise the manner in which the Government had acted towards him. Speaking on the situation of Turkey generally, he said it would be an exaggeration to paint the situation of Turkey in too rosy colours.

The dearth of many things is being felt—that of wheat especially. This has necessitated the distribution of bread cards. However, it is to be said there is no genuine want or scarcity, and the public kitchens relieve the gravest cases of distress. Never to my knowledge have disorders taken place at Constantinople, and I have never seen any signs that confidence there was really shaken.

RUSSIANS REJECT

NEW OFFER OF PEACE.

GERMAN GENERAL'S PROPOSAL.

WAY TOWARDS HONOURABLE SETTLEMENT.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to-day addressed to the Russian Army the following appeal:—

The Commander-in-Chief of the German armies on the Eastern front has sent to our troops a wireless message proposing to indicate to them the way towards an honourable peace, and the means of ceasing to wage war without a rupture with the Allies.

The German General talks in this way because he knows the Russian revolutionary troops would reject with indignation any overt proposal for a separate peace. That is why the enemy Commander-in-Chief invites our armies to a separate armistice, and proposes that we should enter into secret pourparlers with the German military leaders on the Eastern front.

In his wireless telegram the German General declares that a separate armistice does not offer Germany any advantage, but this is untrue, for, in speaking of the inactivity of the German Army on the Russian front, the German General forgets what Russia cannot forget—notably the Russian defeat on the Stokhod.

The German General has forgotten that Russian troops know whether divisions and heavy batteries have been taken from our front. The German General has forgotten we in Russia hear the noise of the bloody battles which are being fought on the Franco-British front. He has forgotten that Russia knows that the overthrow of her Allies would mean the overthrow of Russia and the end of her political liberty.

TRANSFER OF EX-CZAR TO CRONSTADT DEMANDED.

RESOLUTION BY BATTLE SHIPS' CREWS.

Petrograd, Friday.

A telegram from Helsingfors states that the crews of two battleships and a cruiser have passed a resolution demanding the immediate transfer of the ex-Czar to Cronstadt, under a guard of true revolutionary troops, until final judgment is passed on him.

The resolution declares that this is our third and last resolution.—Reuter.

MACDONALD AND JOWETT FOR RUSSIA.

Labour M.P. Receives Passports.

London, Saturday Night,

At the offices of the Independent Labour Party this afternoon it was stated that Mr Ramsay Macdonald and Mr Jowett would leave for Petrograd within the next few days.

Mr Johnson, the secretary of the I.L.P., said that both Mr Macdonald and Mr Jowett had received their passports.

CAPTAIN BATHURST'S RESIGNATION.

London, Saturday.

The Press Association is officially informed that Captain Bathurst, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Food Controller, is suffering from overwork, and that, after a serious warning from his medical adviser, he tendered his resignation last Thursday to the Premier. He is awaiting the latter's decision.

Captain Bathurst is vacating his present office after two and a half year's continuous work of a specially exacting character, without any respite or holiday, solely on account of a temporary breakdown in health.

RUSSIAN TROOPS MUTINY.

FOUR REGIMENTS INVOLVED.

Petrograd, Saturday.

A representative of the Provisional Government with the Seventh Army has informed the Minister of War that the 45th, 46th, 47th, and 52d regiments refused to proceed to the positions allotted to them, and that the 52d Regiment arrested its officers.

The Minister of War has given orders to disband the regiments, and to bring the officers and men responsible before a Court-Martial.

AUSTRIAN OFFICERS AS PEACE DELEGATES.

PLACED UNDER ARREST BY RUSSIANS.

London, Saturday.

Two Austrian generals, ten other officers, and fifteen privates, escorted by eighteen Russian soldiers (says a Petrograd message), appeared at Kishineff, Bessarabia, declaring that they were peace delegates, and demanding a conference with the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.

The Government of Petrograd ordered their arrest.

The crossing of the lines is without precedent. The members of the delegation were not considered to be prisoners until the Petrograd authorities had acted.

Peace Regiment by Regiment.

The Austrians three weeks ago selected two peace delegates from each division on the Russian front, forming a group of 120, including an Austrian prince.

General Rohr, the Austrian group Commander, gave the delegation authority to enter the Russian lines and propose a separate peace, bearing a document from the German and Austrian Commanders.

The delegation advanced to the Russian trenches of the 9th Army, bearing a white flag and blowing bugles.

Russian soldiers went out and received them as peace envoys, and sent the Staff Headquarters Army Commander, who declared—"If you want peace go to the diplomats at Petrograd."

The Prince and another delegate were permitted to return to Austria, the others coming to Petrograd under military escort.

The papers on the arrested Austrians include orders to them to make peace regiment by regiment along the entire front.

They crossed the lines under a flag of parley, and audaciously objected to arrest, claiming a violation of the truce.

Effect of Kerensky's Tour.

M. Kerensky, the Russian Minister of War, has had to return to Petrograd from the front to deal with the situation at Cronstadt.

His visit to the armies has, however, had a stimulating effect, and there is every likelihood of one of Russia's fronts responding to the Minister's appeal.

Another Revolt.

A telegram from Poltava states that M. Krutaleff Nosar, who was president of the Council of Workmen's Delegates in 1905, has proclaimed the complete autonomy of Pereyaslav district, refusing even supplies to the army.

The provincial authorities and local workmen's committees have sent representatives to the district with a detachment of troops.

RUSSIAN ATTACK IN CARPATHIANS.

AUSTRIANS CAPTURED AND BAYONETED.

Petrograd, Saturday.

To-day's Russian official communique says:—

Western Theatre.—In the Carpathians north-west of Rasalivaka two of our scouting parties, under the command of Lieut. Molerjickov and Ensign Bragin, after having surmounted wire entanglements, attacked the Austrians, driving them out of their trenches.

Eleven men were captured and others bayoneted.

On the rest of the front fusilades have taken place.

Roumanian and Caucasian Fronts.—No change has taken place.

Aviation.—Our airmen, Second Cavalry Captain Kozakov and Second Captain Vercor, brought down a German aeroplane, which fell in the region of Kozov.

The aeroplane caught fire, and its occupants were taken prisoners.—Admiralty, per Wireless.

"WE MUST HAVE DOBRUDJA AND MACEDONIA."

Bulgarian Socialist's Peace Terms.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Socialist leader in Bulgaria has sent a statement to the Russian Socialists that the Bulgarian people want peace, but not on the Russian basis of "no annexation."

"We must have Dobrudja and Macedonia, which belonged to us 400 hundred years ago," the statement says.

FERDINAND DESCRIBED AS "GREAT RULER."

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Vienna semi-official telegram states:—

The Emperor Carl personally handed King Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, the Military Grand Cross of the Maria Therese Order.

The telegram describes King Ferdinand as a great ruler and a far-seeing statesman.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE KAISER.

200 YARDS FROM DEATH IN GHENT AIR RAID.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Kaiser and Hindenburg narrowly escaped death on Whit-Monday evening from an air attack on St Pieter's Station at Ghent.

On that evening, at 8.45 by German time, gun-mitrailleuse fire alarmed the population. A squadron of airmen appeared above the city, and bomb explosions were soon heard.

St Pieter's Station, says the Telegraaf frontier correspondent, was one of the airmen's objectives. The Kaiser, Hindenburg, and a number of high officers were in one of the waiting-rooms.

Some moments of intense excitement and anxiety followed. Bombs fell on the station premises and in the neighbouring streets. Some soldiers standing on guard before the train were wounded, and five others, not two hundred yards from the station, were killed. Other soldiers were wounded by a bomb which fell near the Leopold Barracks, called by the Germans the Kaiser Wilhelm Barracks.

The Kaiser, Hindenburg, and staff were uninjured.

A simultaneous attack on St Denis, Westrem, killed two airmen and three guards and destroyed two sheds. Ambulances brought many wounded into the city. Panic prevailed at Ghent.

This is the second occasion, so far as is known, that the Kaiser has been pursued by airmen in Flanders, the first time being at Thielt on November 1, 1914.

According to a wireless message, the Kaiser was having a chat at the time with his staff regarding the preparations for the then imminent counter-offensive.

KING CONGRATULATES VICTORS.

Proud of This Achievement.

London, Saturday.

The following telegram which the King has sent to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is forwarded for publication:—

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig,
G.H.Q., B.E.F., France.

I rejoice that, thanks to thorough preparation and splendid co-operation of all arms, the important Messines Ridge, which has been the scene of so many memorable struggles, is again in our hands.

Tell General Plumer and the 2d Army how proud we are of this achievement, by which in a few hours the enemy was driven out of strongly entrenched positions held by him for two and a half years.

GEORGE, R.I.

ITALIANS DRIVE BACK ATTACKS.

ENEMY ARTILLERY SUFFOCATED.

Rome, Saturday.

The following official communique was issued this afternoon:—

In the Gorizia area during the night of the 8th the enemy, after a heavy bombardment, attacked our positions on the Vodice and those between Sober Vertoiba, south of Mount St Marco, but was immediately driven back with losses, and left some prisoners in our hands.

Intense artillery fire begun yesterday afternoon against our positions between Salcano and Castagnavizza were suffocated by our batteries.

On the Carso also brisk artillery actions took place.

Activity was normal on the rest of the front.

On the afternoon of the 8th an enemy aeroplane reconnoitring our positions in Upper Val Furna (Val Tellina) was brought down on the Cedec Glacier by machine-gun fire.

NORWAY'S TORPEDOED FISHING VESSELS.

Christiania, Friday.

At a meeting of the Storthing to-day the President announced that a member had given notice of a question asking the Government what steps it intends to take regarding the destruction of Norwegian fishing vessels by German submarines in Finland waters, outside the barred zone.

DR ADDISON TO MEET ENGINEERS.

To Confer on Munitions Bill.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Ministry of Munitions forwards the following for publication:—

Dr Addison, the Minister of Munitions, has invited a large number of delegates from all parts of the country, representing the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to meet him at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday next, under the chairmanship of Mr John Hodge, the Minister of Labour.

At this conference Dr Addison will explain the position of the Government in relation to the Munitions of War Bill, the dilution of labour, and other matters which have been the subject of negotiations with the Ministry.

TWO GERMANS ESCAPE

From Camp at Stobs.

London, Saturday Night.

It was notified by Scotland Yard to-night that two German prisoners had escaped from Stobs Internment Camp, in Peeblesshire.

The names and descriptions are as follows:—Gustav Exner, height five feet seven inches, weight 168 pounds, complexion sallow, hair dark, eyes brown, age 26, occupation ship's stoker; Herman Warmt, height five feet six inches, weight 162 pounds, complexion fresh, hair light brown, eyes brown, aged 24, occupation sailor.

MORE MEN FOR THE ARMY.

PRESSING NEEDS OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

NEW INSTRUCTIONS FOR TRIBUNALS.

London, Saturday.

New instructions to Tribunals have been issued by the President of the Local Government Board.

The Schedule of Protected Occupations for men employed on Admiralty War Office or Munition work, or in railway workshops—copies of which are now in the hands of Tribunals—is intended to supersede badges and badge certificates and other forms of special exemptions given to men engaged on the classes of work covered by the Schedule; and in future men so employed will generally be protected only by the Schedule and by protection certificates issued with it.

The Schedule is intended adequately to safeguard the national interests as regards the classes of work and establishments to which it refers. Arrangements have been made for referring to special local committees (the Enlistments Complaints Committees) any cases in which there is doubt whether a man is protected by the Schedule.

Certified Occupations.

A new List of Certified Occupations will be issued shortly. In the new List changes will be made in order to release more men for the army. As Tribunals are aware, a certificate which has been granted on the ground that the man is in a certified occupation ceases to be in force when any alteration is made in consequence of which the man is no longer covered by the List.

An alteration in the List of Certified Occupations which excludes a man formerly in the List must be taken as prima facie evidence that he ought to be available for the army; and if an application for renewal is made in any such case, Tribunals should not give exemption unless there are strong reasons for doing so. Employers were warned in the last List that age-limits would be raised in the next List.

The new arrangements regarding men employed in agriculture, briefly stated, are that men passed as fit for general service who are surplus to local requirements are to be available for the army; men in lower medical categories are to be retained in agriculture and, if surplus to local requirements, are to be available for agricultural work elsewhere.

Co-operation in Businesses.

Tribunals should do all they can to encourage co-operation in businesses. They should always take into consideration, in deciding cases, the possibility of co-operation; and should arrange with the Military Representative that, in so far as it is expedient, the cases of men in the same trade should be brought up for consideration at the same time (by applications by the Military Representative for the review of certificates in some cases, if need be) in order to secure uniformity of decision and to facilitate co-operation. An appeal should also be made to the patriotism of men above military age in the several trades to give their whole-hearted support to schemes of co-operation.

Lord Rhondda's Warning.

Tribunals are also advised not to allow late applications or appeals as a matter of course, but only for good reason shown.

Lord Rhondda, in expressing his appreciation of the work of the Tribunals, says it is essential that from time to time exemptions should be further scrutinised in order that the military authorities may obtain all the men who may rightly be released in view of the pressing needs of the army; and he wishes to impress upon any Tribunals which may not yet adequately realise the urgency of the present national needs, that it is imperative that all cases shall be decided on a strict standard.

NEW MEAT SALES ORDER.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Ministry of Food forwards the following for publication:—

Part 1 of the Meat Sales Order, 1917, comes into operation on Monday, the 11th inst., on and after which day market authorities are required to keep records in official books of all sales of fat cattle taking place in the market, and to exhibit copies of the Order in a conspicuous place.

The books and posters are being supplied by the Ministry of Food, and any market authority who has not received them by Monday morning should communicate with the Ministry at Grosvenor House, London, W., 1.

MAXIMUM PRICES FOR AYRSHIRE BACON.

London, Saturday Night.

By order of the Food Controller, the London and provincial produce exchanges have drawn up a list of maximum importers' and curers' prices, and have agreed that in no case should they be exceeded in the United Kingdom.

These maximum prices will be binding for two weeks from the present date, and will then be reviewed. The list includes Scotch Ayrshire rolled bacon, ex factory, 180s per cwt.; Scotch bladders of lard, ex factory, 145s per cwt.

SCOTTISH JUDGE SERIOUSLY ILL.

Lord Dewar's Condition.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Lord Dewar, who retired from the hearing in the Sivewright will case after the second day, is lying dangerously ill, and his condition is causing much anxiety to his friends.

The Scottish Judge is a brother of Lord Forteviot, and of Sir Thomas Dewar, Bart.

THE GREAT VICTORY.

AMAZING EPISODE IN MESSINES FIGHTING.

GERMAN REVENGE ON COMRADES WHO SPOIL THEIR WHITE FLAG GAME.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

London, Saturday Night.

A dramatic incident of the latest British "push" on the Western front is told by an officer who was wounded in the fighting. To a representative of the "Post Sunday Special" he said:—

"Our men are getting wonderfully warwise. They are up to all sorts of dodges for saving themselves trouble and getting the most of the Huns. One of the most dramatic incidents of the war, in my opinion, was that up the line where I got my dose of lead pills. Things had been quiet enough for days. Nothing but the incessant roar of the guns and the intolerable heat, and the thirst due to such, much that was sulphury in the air—nothing but that to suggest there was a war on, and that we were in the middle of it.

"Suddenly a great commotion. It seemed as though Mother Earth had been seized with violent pains under her 'pinny, and then there were tremendous convulsions. It wasn't quite the same as an earthquake. Just violent tremblings, and then the earth seemed to rise up to meet the sky, shutting out our view for miles around.

Almost before we had time to notice what had happened the upraised earth was subsiding once more in dense clouds of dust and wreckage. Then from many underground burrows our men came rushing forth, and began racing towards the enemy lines, or what was left of them, close in the wake of a terrific barrage which was driving behind the enemy drives in terrific gusts of the highest of high explosives. What had once been German trenches were now a mass of smoking ruins with human bodies mixed up in the wreckage.

Hecatomb of Human Corpses.

On the part of the front immediately affected by the explosion not a human soul remained alive. Our men quickly passed across this hecatomb of smoking corpses and got to the enemy's next line. Here they came on a big party of Boches, who ran up a white flag. Our men went forward to receive the surrender of this party. At once they were fired on from a position to the left held by the enemy. Our men fell back and turned on the machine guns.

Then the dramatic thing of which I spoke happened. The first party of Boches left the trench they were in and made straight for their comrades who had fired on the white flag. The latter didn't know what the meaning of this move was, nor did we at first, and we opened fire, but soon we saw what was in the wind. The attacking party of Boches were out for revenge on their comrades who had spoiled their chance of surrendering by firing on us.

Too late the treacherous Huns saw what their mates were after. The latter went in with bayonet and bomb, and in a few minutes they had wiped out the whole mob who had fired the white flag. All we had to do was to sit tight and watch our work being done for us, and it was done well. When it was finished up went the white flag again, and this time the Boches threw away their arms and stepped forward towards us as proof that there was no treachery. That is only one instance of the way our boys are training the Huns to do their work for them.

Huns Mad With Panic.

Without exception I think the recent fighting has been the worst of all. The amount of gun fire has been terrible; the effect on the Germans more terrible still. We have reason to believe that whole battalions had to be sent out of the line for rest cure after only a few days under our bombardment, and when the full storm of our attack broke over the enemy trenches the Huns were almost mad with panic. Some of them had not had water or food for days, and many were dying of thirst.

When our mines went off it meant in many cases that Hun infantry were shut up between the two great walls of fire, and hundreds perished in that terrible holocaust. At one part of the line there was a stretch of trench of which the Germans were proud. They had been working their best on it for two years or more, and it was judged perfection. Our men had mined under it, and when the mine was fired two years' work was blotted out in two minutes with all the men occupying the position.

Behind that point Germen reserves were mustering with great stores of munitions. The explosion extended to them, and all the stores were blown up. Most of the escort were killed.

I never heard anything like it in my life. It was one terrific report, a long roar and rumble; the ground shook as if there had been an earthquake. It was a tremendous sight. Smoke, flames, and bits of brick and dust that were trenches and parapets were all flying in the sky. Our attack followed without a second's pause.

Terrible Barrage Fire.

"It was just like clockwork. The guns at the back pounded away. Thousands of them must have been firing at the same time. Our barrage fire was just terrible. We have not seen anything like it anywhere. Everything was shattered. Barbed wire was chopped into little bits. The remaining trenches were torn to pieces, and the Germans were killed and buried.

"The moment that the word to move was given us by our officers we were over the top. Nothing could live in our fire. I was in the second wave. Many men had gone forward in front of me. If there had been any Germans left up to the second line, they had accounted for them right enough, for I saw none alive, but there were heaps of dead, half-buried in the masses of rubbish which had fallen on them after the explosion.

"Then I got hit by a splinter in the eye, and had to take refuge in a shell-hole while the others went on. We shifted 'em right enough, and it was time Fritz was shifted out of it, for he's been there two and a half years. By and by the stretcher-bearers came along.

"They brought with them a lot of German prisoners, who were made to act as stretcher-bearers. They had Red Cross bands on their arms. Some of them, I'm told, were Bavarians. They still had their gear and packs with them."

German Souvenirs.

Another hero of the fight said—"When we got the order to go some of the men were so eager that they had to be stopped, or they would have run into our own barrage fire. When we did get to the German trenches they were ripped and torn and smashed to pieces. The barbed wire was all in bits.

"The Germans had left lots of useful souvenirs behind them. The German won't put up a 'near fight.' He is all right if he can shelter behind anything and fire at you, but when it comes to close quarters and cold steel he either runs away or throws up his hands. They told me that the big blow-up was on a nine-mile front, and I can believe them. A lot of the prisoners were mere bits of boys—kids of about sixteen, I should say. They were terribly scared.

Scream of the Shells.

"Oh, it was a h—— of a row. They tell me that people heard it in London. I shouldn't wonder. Two men who were in the hospital from injuries received in our own trenches were very much upset that they were not 'in it.' One of them observed—'We had been expecting this any day for months, and I was just aching to be in it, and then I got hit by a bit of shrapnel, and missed it by a few hours. I heard the roar of that explosion, and it was rotten bad luck not to be in the scrap after all.'

"Another who complained of not being in the fight after working so long on making the mines said—'I reckon we've been getting ready for this for a couple of years. I was in one communication trench when the mines were fired, and the whole place rocked like a ship at sea. I can't compare the feeling to anything else.'"

BACK FROM MESSINES.

TERRIBLE EFFECT OF MINE EXPLOSION.

London, Saturday.

A number of wounded soldiers who witnessed the great earthquake assault of the German lines between Messines and Wytschaete at 3 a.m. on Thursday morning have reached London.

A private who has been badly hit in the left eye told a thrilling story. "We were all ready for it," he said. "We knew it was coming and it was going to be a big thing. I was in 'Plug Street.' At first a terrible shower of gas shells came over from the German trenches. It was a lovely moonlight night, almost as clear as day, and dawn was slowly coming up just before the mines were exploded.

"The mines were suddenly exploded while I and others were in the assembly trench.

GENERAL PERSHING IN LONDON.

RECEIVED BY THE KING

London, Saturday.

General Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Army, was received by the King at Buckingham Palace to-day.

The interview lasted some time, and His Majesty showed the greatest interest in the General's account of his trip across the Atlantic aboard the steamer Baltic.

General Pershing paid a round of official visits this afternoon. He made formal calls at Buckingham Palace, 10 Downing Street, and the Foreign Office and other Government departments.

MR BALFOUR'S RETURN.

London, Saturday.

Mr Balfour, looking bronzed and jolly, and in the best of health, arrived at Euston by special train at three o'clock this afternoon. He said that all he had to say on his trip was, "I have been more kindly treated than any man ever was before, and cannot put my thanks to the American people too high."

There was no shadow of philosophic doubt on Mr Balfour's smiling face as he stepped on the platform looking radiantly happy after his mission to the great Republic of the West. It is the simple truth to say that for a few moments, surrounded by eager friends anxious to shake hands with him, he could not utter a single syllable. The next moment he was chatting with Dr Page, the American Ambassador.

"I want to have a real talk with you," he said in tones that expressed the warmest good feeling. And in a moment he was busy making appointments to see other members of the party assembled to greet him.

"BRAVEST OFFICER WHO EVER LED MEN."

LIEUT. DONALD MACKINTOSH, V.C., OF GLASGOW.

GREAT FIGHT OF THE DAUNTLESS FIFTEEN AND THEIR MORTALLY WOUNDED LEADER.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

Lieut. D. Mackintosh.

Glasgow, Saturday.

In the records of deeds which have gained the V.C. few have been noted for more determined bravery than that shown by one of the latest recipients of the Cross, Lieut. Donald Mackintosh, Seaforth Highlanders, only son of Colonel Donald J. Mackintosh, C.B., medical superintendent of the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Unfortunately, Lieut. Mackintosh paid for his gallantry with his life.

The official account of the action which gained the young Glasgow officer—he was only twenty-one years of age—the supreme award "for valour," states that he displayed "most conspicuous bravery and resolution in the face of intense machine-gun fire."

While taking part in the first advance on German positions on April 11, Lieutenant Mackintosh, while leading on his men, was shot through the right leg. Although severely wounded, the undaunted officer continued to lead his Seaforths, who attacked with irresistible dash and captured the trench which was their primary objective.

In the period which intervened between the seizing of the trench and the counter-attack which was immediately prepared by the Germans, he collected men belonging to another company of his battalion, whose leader had fallen in the advance, and ultimately repelled with their aid the onslaught of the enemy on the captured position.

The Gallant Fifteen.

In this struggle Lieut. Mackintosh was again wounded, but, though now unable to stand, he continued to direct and encourage his men while lying on the ground. The gallant Highlanders under his command had now been reduced in number to fifteen, but they answered the call of their disabled officer to prepare for a further advance to gain the extreme limit of their objective with the enthusiasm of men in whose veins ran the fighting blood of Scots ancestors who had played their part on many hard-fought fields from Bannockburn to Waterloo. The dark-green tartan of the Seaforths has been foremost in the charge on scores of the battlefields of this war, and here again the gallant fifteen, under their wounded officer, grimly prepared to sustain the great reputation of their regiment.

Lieut. Mackintosh, "with great difficulty," as the official narrative states, got out of the trench and encouraged his men in their advance amid the storm of lead which greeted them as they emerged into the open. He was again wounded and fell, this time to rise no more, dying the noblest of deaths, with his face to the enemy and fighting to the last. The concluding sentence of the official report does but justice to his memory when it adds—"The gallantry and devotion to duty of this officer were beyond all praise."

Lieut. Mackintosh's body was afterwards recovered and buried by his comrades.

A Sergeant's Tribute.

Telling the story of how the late Lieutenant Donald Mackintosh, of the Seaforth Highlanders, won his V.C., a sergeant of the regiment said:—Without exception Lieutenant Mackintosh was the bravest officer who ever led men into action. Had it not been for his bravery and self-sacrifice under great difficulty we would have been wiped out completely that day.

As soon as we went over it began to rain shells, and as for machine-gun bullets there were enough flying around to give every man of us a round dozen and still leave plenty for the next comers. We had just got into our stride when the lieutenant, who now commanded the company was hit. He went down, and the men hesitated. He shouted from where he lay, "Never mind, Seaforths, keep it up."

Then he got to his feet, and though he was in great pain he persisted in hobbling towards the position we had to take. He led us straight at the enemy parapet, and, with the assistance of two privates, he got into the trench. The enemy were forced back, but returned to the attack later, driving before them a company of ours which had lost its officers and was out of hand. The lieutenant took it in hand, and, under his leadership, the men got back their confidence, repelling repeated enemy counter-attacks and gradually making the position as secure as it could be.

Then Lieutenant Mackintosh was hit again, and he lay unconscious for a few minutes. The men dragged him to safety, and propped him up against a dugout, and he continued to direct the operations. Soon he saw that if the line was to be held it was necessary to seize the part of the trench still held by the enemy. Limping painfully, he made his way out of that part of the trench, and led a file of the unwounded men against the post it was necessary to rush.

It was the strangest sight you ever saw. A doubly-wounded man, with the nervous twitching of his face telling the agony he was enduring, toiling painfully along and encouraging his men as he went. The little band kept on their way, and rushed the position, from which they drove about ten times their own number of the enemy.

Fell in the Moment of Success.

It was in the moment of success that Lieutenant Mackintosh fell. He tried to get up again and go with the men into the trench from which they had driven the enemy, but he was too weak from loss of blood to do so. We could see he was in great pain. He would not hear of any of us assisting him until he saw the position was safe, and whenever we suggested aiding him he ordered us away.

When our troops were again in possession of the whole ground without fear of the enemy getting it back the lieutenant consented to be moved. He was always thinking of the men, and did all he could to make things easy for them.

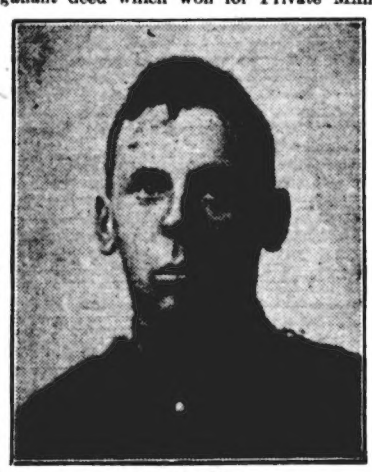
This brave Glasgow officer was educated at Glasgow Academy, St Ninian's, Moffat, and Fettes College. He was wounded in April, 1916, while serving with the Seaforth Highlanders, and after being first reported wounded and missing, the announcement was received by his parents, Colonel and Mrs Mackintosh, that he had fallen in action on 11th April, 1917.

POSTHUMOUS HONOUR FOR WISHAW MAN.

PRIVATE WM. J. MILNE AWARDED VICTORIA CROSS.

Wishaw, Saturday.

In the list of war honours published yesterday there appears the name of Private William Johnstone Milne, late Canadian Infantry Battalion, whose parents reside at 6 Steel's Land, Cambusnethan, Wishaw. The gallant deed which won for Private Milne



Private Milne.

the supreme honour is officially stated as follows:—

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in attack. On approaching the first objective Private Milne observed an enemy machine gun firing on our advancing troops. Crawling on hands and knees, he succeeded in reaching the gun, killing the crew with bombs, and capturing the gun. On the line reforming he again located a machine gun in the support line, and, stalking this second gun as he had done the first, he succeeded in putting the crew out of action and capturing the gun. His wonderful bravery and resource on these two occasions undoubtedly saved the lives of many of his comrades. Private Milne was killed shortly after capturing the second gun.

Private Milne was killed on 9th April. He was twenty-five years of age. Seven years ago he emigrated to Canada, where he was employed by Mr Kirkland, a native of Newmains, as a farmer. He enlisted in September, 1915, and had been in France for nearly a year. His father, Mr David Milne, was formerly a carting contractor at Cambusnethan.

BELLSHILL WIFEBEATER FINED.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A winding engineman named William Walker, Motherwell Road, Bellshill, was brought before Hon. Sheriff Motherwell in Airdrie Sheriff Court to-day charged with striking and cutting his wife to the effusion of blood. He admitted the charge, and also previous conviction. It was stated that he frequently abused his wife when under the influence of drink. He was fined £2, or thirty days' imprisonment.

PLUCKY GLASGOW POLICEMAN'S

DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH SUSPECT.

AMAZING DAYLIGHT SCENE IN CITY STREET.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

As the result of a struggle, the like of which has probably never before been experienced in Glasgow in broad daylight, a man, supposed to be a burglar, lies in Maryhill Police Office. It was Constable John Beattie who succeeded in keeping hold of his man, despite a desperate resistance and an unequal combat, which extended over half an hour.

Constable Beattie, about eight o'clock in the morning, while passing along his rounds in Colebrook Street, off Great Western Road, noticed two men carrying a number of portmanteaux and other packages to a taxicab, the articles apparently being taken from a house which the constable knew to be unoccupied owing to the temporary absence of the tenant at the coast.

He challenged the men, and immediately received a knock-down blow. Both men then attempted to make off, but the constable, in his recumbent position, seized the leg of the younger of the two men. A desperate resistance was offered, the man being aided in his efforts to escape by his fellow-conspirator, who did not hesitate to use as a weapon of offence the stout stick which he carried.

Constable Sticks to His Man Like a Terrier.

Still the constable, bleeding from the nose and mouth, stuck to his man like a terrier, and the marvellous thing about it is that such a desperate struggle could take place in a public "close" without the attention of passers-by being directed to the place. At the end of half an hour both combatants were thoroughly exhausted.

In the interval, the second man made off, apparently having come to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour. At the end of the half-hour the civilian who had been concerned in the struggle managed to get away, but the constable, though unable to hold him longer, immediately staggered out after him.

The appearance of the officer, with blood flowing from nose and mouth, and with his uniform bearing many evidences of a struggle, at once suggested to pedestrians that there was something seriously wrong. The civilian was promptly seized and detained until police assistance arrived, when he was conveyed with what was intended for "booty" to Maryhill Police Office.

It is said that the men ransacked the house, and then 'phoned for a taxi on which to convey the property. But for the timely arrival of Constable Beattie, who is nearing the veteran class, and his prompt challenge, it is probable that the intended burglary would have been an accomplished fact.

BOY FALLS FROM A TREE.

SAD DUMFRIES FATALITY.

Dumfries, Saturday Night.

A sad fatality occurred at The Craigs, about two miles from Dumfries, about six o'clock this evening, when a boy named Andrew Armstrong (13), only son of Mr John L. Armstrong, chief cashier at the Glasgow and South-Western Goods Station, Dumfries, and residing at Eastfield View, met his death.

It appears that the lad was engaged with a number of companions in climbing trees, when he missed his footing and fell some distance to the ground. When picked up he was found to be dead.

The body was afterwards removed to the mortuary at Dumfries Infirmary.

MOTHERWELL GIRL'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Steals Clothes From Children.

Motherwell, Saturday.

Bailie Scott had before him to-day, at Motherwell Juvenile Court, something like thirty boys and girls charged with various offences.

Some of the cases were of a minor nature, and called forth only the Magisterial warning and dismissal. Others, however, were more serious, and the most remarkable of the batch was the case in which a girl of ten years and eight months was charged with stealing clothing from children. On three separate occasions she induced children to come to her on the promise of giving them sweets. In one case she inveighled a little girl into a close, and stripped from her a pair of boots and a pinafore. In another case she stripped off and stole from a child a frock, a pinafore, and a pair of canvas shoes, while in a third instance she stole a pair of boots from another child. The boots were pawned.

Accused's mother appeared, and stated that the girl was incorrigible, and agreed with the Magistrate that she would be better in a home or school. She had a family of seven, and none of them had given any trouble but this girl.

Sentence was delayed for a week in order to make arrangements for sending the girl away.

MINER KILLED AT CARMYLE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Thomas Orr M'Culloch (45), a miner, residing at 22 Earl Street, Scotstoun, has been fatally injured in No. 1 Kenmuirhill Colliery, Carmyle, belonging to the Glasgow Coal Company, Limited. He had been engaged at his working place howking out the bottom coal below a seam of fireclay, when sixteen feet of the clay came away on top of him, breaking his neck and causing instantaneous death.

SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN?

AYR MINER'S EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES.

TWICE ARRESTED AS ABSENTEE AND ACQUITTED.

Ayr, Saturday.

Twice arrested by the military as an absentee, twice acquitted before the Sheriff-Substitute at Ayr, and finally arrested at his home in Muirkirk as a deserter by the military, is the unenviable record of a miner named Haugh.

The facts of the case, briefly stated, are that Haugh was permanently incapacitated from following his employment as a miner owing to a smashed right elbow. He, however, got light work with the Post Office at Muirkirk, and the military called him up for medical examination in December last, but the Medical Board adjourned the examination for three months. Subsequently he got a calling-up notice for the middle of March, but on the day he got this notice he also received a letter from the recruiting officer asking him to come to be examined, and if he were passed for service he would get several days' leave before joining up. He complied with the request, and although his condition had not changed in the interval he was passed C.H., given a railway warrant, and signed a form, and, the military allege, was there and then posted to his regiment, getting a few days' leave, however, before joining up.

Haugh appealed to the local Tribunal, and although the military objected to the competency of the appeal, his case was heard, but was dismissed on its merits. The man appealed against this decision to the Appeal Tribunal, presided over by the Sheriff-Principal of Ayrshire, and on the day he received notice that his appeal was to be heard he was arrested as an absentee, taken before Sheriff Substitute Brown at Ayr, who acquitted him, principally because the military had sent him a calling-up notice for a later date than the one upon which they were founding. This was on a Wednesday, and on the Friday the Appeal Tribunal sustained the man's appeal, and granted temporary exemption till the 1st September.

On the Monday following this decision Haugh was again arrested as an absentee, again charged before Sheriff Brown, and again acquitted, his Lordship indulging in some plain speaking so far as the military were concerned.

The case is not yet at an end, however, for it was intimated by the man's agent, Mr R. D. Hunter, solicitor, Cumnock, to the Appeal Tribunal at its weekly sitting that Haugh had again been arrested by the military, and is in Ayr Barracks.

FOOD CONTROL METHODS.

DRASTIC CHANGES DEMANDED BY CO-OPS.

Glasgow, Saturday.

At their statutory meeting in Glasgow today the shareholders of the Scottish Co-Operative Wholesale Society, Limited, were congratulated on the gratifying business done during the three months which ended on 11th May. Mr Robert Stewart, J.P., the chairman, told them that during that period their aggregate sales had amounted to £3,964,543, which represented an increase of 26.9 per cent. over the sales of the corresponding period of last year.

On the subject of food control, he said that the Government were proposing to control the price of meat; but he thought that if they were not to be more successful in this than they had been in the other commodities they controlled they would be better to leave it alone. (Applause.) He did not think the profiteers could complain at all of the Controller's action—rather the reverse. (Hear, hear.)

After disposing of the formal business of the society, the chairman moved a resolution expressing strong disapproval of the methods of the various committees appointed to regulate and control the food of the people, urging societies to put the position before their respective members of Parliament, with a view to securing a drastic change in the measures adopted hitherto; and also directing the attention of the Government to the desirability of utilising to a greater extent the facilities and influence of the Co-Operative movement, especially in Scotland.

The resolution was seconded, and carried unanimously.

FUTILE ESCAPE FROM CELLS.

Dumfries Prisoner's Bid for Freedom.

Dumfries, Saturday.

James Waugh, forty-eight years of age, a well-dressed man of smart appearance, was brought up at Dumfries Sheriff Court to-day on the charge of the theft of a tweed suit at Gretna.

It was stated that Waugh got away from the police, was afterwards apprehended, broke out of the cells during the night, but was again captured. His appearance in Court was that of a most inoffensive-looking man.

Sheriff Campion passed sentence of three months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

PAISLEY MEDALLIST KILLED.

Paisley, Saturday.

One of Paisley's Military Medallists, Sergeant John Craig, A. and S.H., has been killed in action. Sergeant Craig, whose parents reside at 21 Underwood Road, gained his Military Medal in March, 1915, for rescuing a wounded comrade under heavy shell fire.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Yesterday was Children's Day in Kirkconnel, and the annual gala was held at Old Kello.

Stepp Bowling Club entertained a party of over fifty wounded soldiers from Stobhill Hospital on their green yesterday.

The energy displayed by Airdrie Boy Scouts has resulted in nearly two thousand fresh eggs being sent to various military hospitals.

For the purpose of providing uniforms for the new Cadet Corps in connection with Hermitage School, Helensburgh, £150 has been subscribed.

A sale of work in aid of the Scottish Teaches' War Relief Fund, was opened by Mrs Forbes, of Callander, yesterday, in Falkirk High School.

As the result of a whist drive held in Helensburgh, in aid of the Red Cross Week, the Committee have been able to hand over the sum of £70 12s 6d.

The female employees at Coplawhill Car Works of Glasgow Corporation entertained a party of forty wounded soldiers from Bellahouston Hospital yesterday.

Helensburgh's twice decorated hero, Acting Sergeant James Campbell, Cameron Highlanders, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant for bravery on the field.

Captain R. B. Wallace, M.B., R.A.M.C., Glengowan Cottage, Caldercruix, who was recently mentioned in despatches, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Private John M'Hardy, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, whose parents reside at 40 East Princes Street, Helensburgh, has met his death at the front. He was a Military Medallist.

Captain (temporary major) James A. Allan, Royal Engineers, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Captain Allan is a son of Mr J. Allan, Redtown, Helensburgh.

Campsie School Board have resolved that, in order to encourage the boys at Torrance Public School who take gardening classes, the produce of the school garden shall be divided amongst them.

Second-Lieutenant John Nelson, K.O.S.B., who was reported missing on 3d May, has written to his parents, who reside in Watson Street, Falkirk, stating that he is a wounded prisoner of war in Germany.

Mr and Mrs Joseph Dobbins, Douglas Cottage, Kippen Street, Airdrie, celebrated their golden wedding at a family gathering in the residence of their son, Mr James Dobbins, Jennyville, Coatdyke.

The late stationmaster at Paisley, Gilmour Street, Mr Alex. Gibb, who was promoted superintendent at Greenlaw Goods Station, has been presented with a handsome testimonial subscribed for by the travelling public and station staff.

Miss Eve Balfour, the celebrated cinema actress, is in Glasgow this week-end. She is to recite in the Salon Picture House during the three days' run of "All the world's a stage," in which she appears in the leading role on the screen.

A somewhat unique proclamation of banns was made at Irvine, where a soldier on active service in France, home on short leave, was proclaimed and married in one day. In the absence of the parish minister, the proclamation was made by the session clerk.

Ladies were selling flags in Greenock streets yesterday on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. This organisation recently acquired Greenock Sailors' Home, and the collection will be applied to the cost of reconstructing the building.

The valuation of railways, &c., in Cambuslang has increased by £4550 during the past year. The figures are interesting:—Caledonian Railway, £5991; Glasgow Corporation Tramways, £1614; Lanarkshire Tramways, £2037; Clyde Valley Electrical Power Co., £5370.

The Junior Choir of Govanhill Parish Church provided an open-air entertainment in Queen's Park, Glasgow, yesterday. The proceeds are to be given to the Blinded Soldiers' Home, Edinburgh. Mr James Dalrymple, manager of Glasgow Corporation Tramways, presided.

The annual summer demonstration in connection with the Dumfries and Galloway Temperance Union took place yesterday afternoon. Speeches were delivered to an attendance of 1800 by Mr James Hyslop, president of the Union, and Mr W. F. Falconer, Johnstone Mission.

The remains of the young soldier, Private Joseph Causer, who was accidentally shot at a rifle range at Kirkcaldy, were removed to Glasgow yesterday afternoon for burial. The company of the Training Reserve Battalion to which deceased belonged followed the cortege to Kirkcaldy station.

Mr Ferguson, the popular superintendent of Kinning Park Public Baths, has joined up for active service. During his connection with Kinning Park Mr Ferguson has made many friends among the clubs and general public. He was presented with a wristlet watch and safety razor by the employees.

By the death of Mr John Cowie "Coup," Yardie, Buckie — which has just occurred with startling suddenness—one of the best known fishermen in the district has been removed. Mr Cowie was born in Buckie sixty-seven years ago, and went to the fishing at an early age. He was well known at almost every fishing port in Scotland and England, which were frequented by Moray Firth sailboats.

At Dumfries Police Court yesterday three women, Agnes Kirk, Lilian Millburn, and Mary Elder, were charged as the sequel to a street fracas, in which two constables were roughly handled. Kirk and Millburn were charged with disorderly conduct, and Elder with assalting the police. Finding the charges proven, the Magistrate imposed fines of 21s, or fourteen days' imprisonment, in each case.

ULTIMATUM TO A HUSBAND.

"IF THE LODGER GOES I GO."

STRANGE STORY OF WIFE'S WANDERINGS.

"If the lodger goes, I go." This was the ultimatum which a miner's wife hurled at her husband one day, and upon which she promptly acted.

The action was at the instance of Hugh Macpherson, shale miner, 206 Tarbrox, Cobbinshaw, Lanarkshire, against Janet Bathgate Scott or Macpherson, 72 South Glencraig Cottages, Auchterderran, Fifeshire, and also William Broadley, some time a miner, and residing at 39 Fourth Street, Newtongrange, Midlothian, and at present believed to be with the Expeditionary Force in France, co-defender.

Pursuer stated that he was married in June, 1902. There were two children of the marriage. For four years they were quite happy, but in December, 1906, defender left his house, taking the children with her. She went away because of a quarrel that he had with her about a man who was lodging in the house at the time. He thought the defender and the lodger were on too intimate terms, and he gave him notice to quit. The defender told him that if he went she would go too. She did go, and he learned afterwards that the man, who was not then co-defender, went to Musselburgh, and the defender to Portobello.

Pursuer saw her again, and asked her to go back. She told him to go home and sell the furniture, and send her the proceeds. About June, 1907, she came back, and stayed with him and his mother. They only remained together for a few months, and he left him again about the end of 1907 or the beginning of 1908. She gave no excuse, except that she wanted to live in Musselburgh and he wanted to live in Portobello.

The co-defender was a lodger with his mother, and almost immediately after his wife went away from his mothers's house he followed her to Fife. Shortly after pursuer learned that they had taken up house together. They had continued to live together until co-defender joined the army in 1915.

Decree was granted.

MARRIED AGAIN IN CANADA.

Ex-Soldier's Unhappy Marriage.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A curious story of a wife's wanderings was related to Lord Anderson in the Divorce Court to-day, when John M'Callum, fireman, Georgetown, Paisley, was given decree against his wife, Sarah Graham or M'Callum, 26 Thornhill Street, Glasgow.

Pursuer stated that he was married in November, 1904. At the time of his marriage he was a private in the Royal Scots. He was discharged in 1913, but rejoined in 1914, and had been in France, where he was gassed, and had been finally discharged. After the marriage the parties lived with defender's parents in Glenpark Street, Glasgow.

Pursuer returned to Glasgow from Plymouth, in December, 1913, and learned that his wife had gone to Canada. In June, 1914, he received a letter from Canada, telling him that his wife had been married out there, and that if he wished any further particulars the writer would communicate them. He wrote back, but during the interval pursuer was sent to France.

When he returned from France he found his wife was in Glasgow. She had called at his home inquiring for him. He went to see her at her mother's house. She said she had wanted to know how he was going on. Pursuer produced a letter from his wife to her mother, and in consequence of that letter he had raised this action.

Mr David Gilmour, messenger-at-arms, Glasgow, stated that he had served a citation on the defender to appear in Court that day. Defender recognised him as having served the summons for divorce on her. He had a copy of the summons in his pocket, and she asked him to read it, as she had given hers to her solicitor. After he had read the summons she said she noticed she was charged with committing adultery with a man unknown. In the letter she wrote to her mother she mentioned the man's name, and asked why was it not in there. She said she did not intend to defend the action.

WENT TO AUSTRALIA FROM PRISON,

But Failed To Make A New Start.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

After serving a sentence of twenty-one days in prison, Herbert Porteous went out to Australia to make a new start, and a new home for his wife, but he gradually stopped corresponding with her, and to-day Lord Anderson heard an action for divorce by the wife on the ground of desertion

The action was at the instance of Grace Ross or Porteous, 47 Thistle Street, Edinburgh, against Herbert Porteous, formerly residing at 2 Balcarres Street, Edinburgh, and now believed to be in Australia.

Pursuer (27) stated that she was married in October, 1906. There were no children of the marriage. The defender was an engineer, but he became a chauffeur. He was addicted to drink, and was a bit wild in his habits. In October, 1909, when defender was employed with a firm in North Bridge, he was convicted of theft of motor-car covers and tubes, and was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment.

When he was liberated pursuer met him at the prison gate and took him to his sister, where it was arranged that he would go to Australia to better himself and make a home for her. She did not hear from him for six months, and shortly after his letters ceased entirely. She had not heard from him for the last seven years.

Lord Anderson granted decree.

GLASGOW TRAMWAYS DRAW.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Is the Glasgow Tramways "draw," which has now been in existence for fifteen weeks, and which has been the means of raising about £22,000, to be stopped?

The possibility of such a step is suggested by the correspondence which has taken place between the Town Clerk of Glasgow and the Crown Agent for Scotland. Although the exact contents of these letters have not been divulged, it is generally assumed that they bear out the information conveyed from London, to the effect that an Exchequer writ would be served upon the Corporation and upon certain civic officials unless the "draw" was at once stopped.

Following upon the receipt of the Crown Agent's letter this morning, a conference took place in the Lord Provost's room between Sir John Lindsay (Town Clerk), Councillor Montgomery (Convener of the Corporation Tramways Committee), Mr James Dalrymple (general manager of the tramways), and Mr David Stenhouse (Town Clerk Depute, who acts as clerk to the Tramways Committee). As the result of the conference it was decided to call a special meeting of the Tramways Committee for Monday. At that meeting, which is to be held at noon, the whole question will be discussed, and some definite policy decided upon.

Meantime it is understood that, though prizes will be awarded in connection with the tickets sold during this week, no prizes will be given in conjunction with the tickets which will be sold next week. That, at least, is the present intention, but it is not possible to speak more definitely pending Monday's meeting of the committee.

EXPERIMENTING ON THE POOR.

STERILISED MEAT SCHEME DENOUNCED.

Cambuslang, Saturday.

The proposal to procure supplies of sterilised meat which had previously been condemned as unfit for human consumption for use among the inmates of Hamilton Combination Poorhouse was condemned in no uncertain manner at the monthly meeting of Cambuslang Parish Council.

Councillor Bloomer said it was very strange that the advocates of the proposal should wish to try experiments upon the poor people in the poorhouse, who dared not defend themselves. Why didn't they experiment upon themselves and their rich friends who lived in the big villas? It was a scandal that the use of condemned food should ever have been proposed.

Councillor Cormack described the proposal as utterly distasteful, and exhorted the Council to protect the helpless poor. It was agreed to oppose the introduction of sterilised food in the poorhouse.

PLIGHT OF FIFE MINERS.

Government Scheme to Absorb Skilled Men.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

Sordid tales of distress were told by the delegates who attended the monthly meeting at Dunfermline to-day of the Executive Board of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan Miners' Association.

It was stated that at Wemyss Colliery, which normally employed about 5000 men, the pits were only going two and three days per week.

At another colliery in the western district of the county the men had not worked eight full days during the last six weeks.

While a number of the men had obtained employment in other Scottish mining districts where no depression had been experienced, and others had even temporarily left the mines for other industries, there were hundreds who, through force of circumstances, were compelled to hang on in the hope that matters might ere long take a turn for the better.

Mr William Adamson, M.P., general secretary, reported that he was a member of a deputation who last week waited upon the Prime Minister, Mr Guy Calthorpe, the Coal Controller, and Sir Richard Redmayne, H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines, with whom the situation was discussed.

He also pointed out that the officials of the Union had been in touch with the Chairman of the Scottish Office for the supply of timber, and the probability was that in a short time arrangements would be made for the temporary employment of men now only partially engaged in the mines.

This evening a "Post Sunday Special" representative was informed that within a week an important announcement would be made of a scheme promoted jointly by the military authorities and the Coal Controller, by which it was hoped to absorb a considerable number of skilled miners.

DISTINCTIONS FOR PITLOCHRY SOLDIERS.

Pitlochry, Saturday Night.

The military medal has been awarded to Corporal Peter Campbell, Canadian Field Artillery, son of Mr D. Campbell, Moulin.

Corporal Campbell is about thirty years of age. Prior to emigrating to Canada about four years ago he was employed on the railway service in Glasgow.

He joined the Canadians at the outbreak of war, and came over with the first contingent from the Dominion.

His brother, Private Hope Campbell, of the Black Watch, fell in action in Mesopotamia last year.

The other award is the Military Cross, bestowed upon Second-Lieutenant W. Arthur Henderson, Royal Scots, son of Mr William Henderson, Belmont Cottage, Pitlochry.

Lieutenant Henderson, who is only twenty-one years of age, is a former dux of the local Higher Grade School. He also attended Perth Academy, and gained the Macdougall Bursary, afterwards proceeding to Glasgow University to complete his training as a teacher.

SCOTTISH BOXING CHAMPION

AS DEFENDER IN STRANGE ACTION.

Sheriff's Decision in Child Case.

Stirling, Saturday.

The decision has been issued by Sheriff Dean Leslie in the action in which Edward Beattie, Streetville, Banknock, was sued by Mrs Janet Marshall, Hoggs, Stirlingshire, for the delivery of her daughter's illegitimate child (a girl of three years). Pursuer also craved the Court to interdict the defender from thereafter molesting or in any way interfering with pursuer or the child.

Beattie admitted being the father of the child, which had, until the death of the mother in March last, resided with the grandmother. It was claimed that on 1st April the child was taken away by stealth by defender or somone acting for him. It was claimed that the father of an illegitimate child had no right to the custody of that child.

For Beattie it was contended that counter-right of the father's obligation to aliment was to have custody of the child. He was agreeable to aliment the girl, and he was entitled to do this in the way most suitable for himself. Moreover, in this he was giving effect to the express wishes of the mother of the child, who, on her deathbed, had indicated that she wished the child maintained in the family with defender's sister, and the sister had accordingly taken possession of the child.

Sheriff's Decision.

The Sheriff finds in law that the pursuer is entitled to have the custody of the child restored to her. He, therefore, ordains the defender, within seven days, to deliver the said child to the pursuer, and, failing his doing so, grants warrant to the officers of Court to search for and take possession of the child, and deliver her to the pursuer. He finds the defender liable to the pursuer in expenses.

His Lordship states that defender advanced no title to the custody of this child on the ground of his relationship which can be supported. There might be excellent reasons upon which the pursuer should be deprived of the child, and its custody committed to the defender or someone in whom he has confidence, but the proper way to attain that end was not brevi manu to convey the child to his house.

LEITH BOY PICKPOCKETS.

Leith, Saturday.

Two very juvenile but very smart pickpockets were brought up in Leith Police Court this morning. One was eleven years of age and the other, who was eight, could scarcely see above the dock. There were eight charges of stealing against them, and in every case the victim was a lady, and the "swag" money and a purse. In every instance, too, the scene of operations was a shop.

They only patronised busy shops at busy hours, and ranged themselves alongside a likely customer. When the lady had returned her purse to her pocket after paying for her purchases the cunning little fellows immediately picked out the purse and decamped. In this way they obtained sums ranging from 5s to £2 19s 8d.

They were each sent to the Industrial School.

SCOTTISH ODDFELLOWS AND THE RETURNING SOLDIER.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Bro. R. A. Russell, Grand Master, presided at the annual Grand Council of the Scottish Order of Oddfellows' Friendly Society in Edinburgh this afternoon.

The Grand Master, in the course of his address, said that men who returned home from the war broken in body and spirit, and unfit to take up their old tasks, should not be allowed to drift into the workhouse. (Applause.) The first charge upon the Government should be to see that these men were adequately provided for and placed beyond the reach of want.

The total membership of the Order was 1360, and 260 were serving in the forces. Twenty-one had been killed in action, and 37 wounded. The funds of the Order stood at £35,000—about £30 per member.

GIVE THE YOUNG MINER A CHANCE.

IMPORTANT SCHEME FOR TRAINING OF COLLIERY MANAGERS.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

At a largely-attended meeting of the Mining Institute of Scotland, held in the Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, this evening, a paper which is certain to give rise to much discussion in mining circles all over Scotland was read by Mr George L. Kerr, the secretary of the institute, on "The Higher Training of the Colliery Manager."

The author said what he specially desired to discuss was the higher training of colliery managers, educationally and technically, at the universities or technical colleges, and the means by which every young miner who wished to become a colliery manager might attain his ambition.

The best and most efficient method of attaining this higher training would be by the institution of a number of scholarships in the various mining counties of a value of not less less than about £50 per annum for a fixed period—say a minimum of three years. A scholarship of this value would enable a young man to give up his daily work in the mines for six months each year, and to take a full mining-engineering course, with the necessary science classes. The other six months would be devoted to regular practical work in the mines.

It was not the sons of the well-to-do parents only that he (Mr Kerr) desired should receive this advantage, but the sons of every parent, no matter how poor, if they had the ability and mental equipment to fit them for such training. After all, it was from the great class of young lads who worked daily in the mines—the sons of working miners and colliery officials—for whom they had to look to for a continuous supply of managers for their mines.

No one should be debarred for want of the necessary means from becoming an efficient manager, because many a potential genius had lived and died in obscurity through lack of help and opportunity to take advantage of the training that he ought to have had.

"Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water."

It was for the boys who entered the pits at fourteen that these scholarships were most urgently needed and most deserved. He (Mr Kerr) was no believer in the present cry for the raising of the compulsory school age from fourteen to sixteen years. To speak quite frankly and plainly, there must always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and so long as the world lasted the vast majority of the human race must do these tasks.

What he specially desired to emphasise was that it was no use spending time and money on a higher training to hew wood and draw water. It was a mere waste to keep most boys at school until they were sixteen years old, and the sooner they were put on some work after they had reached the age of fourteen the better for themselves and the country.

For the man who was likely to become a colliery manager it was essential that he should begin his life-work early in the pits. Between the ages of fourteen and twenty the knowledge and experience gained in practical mining were invaluable, and could never be acquired by any young man, however highly trained, who took his practical mining work after twenty.

INVERNESS HIGHLANDERS HONOURED.

Inverness, Saturday.

Inverness Highlanders have come in for a share of the honours awarded in the recent fighting.

Captain John Peter Grant, son of Mr Grant, of Rothiemurchus, Sheriff of Inverness-shire, has been awarded the Military Cross. Since joining the Lovat Scouts Captain Grant has proved himself to be a brave and intrepid officer.

Private John Anderson, of the Machine Gun Corps, who has been awarded the Military Medal, was in the Customs Department in Glasgow before resigning to enlist in the Seaforth Highlanders. He is a son of Mr Anderson, a well-known merchant in Inverness.

Hamilton School Board announce that there will be a reduction in the school rates this year of 3d or probably 3½d per £1.

Yesterday a flag day took place in the Vale of Leven under the auspices of the local branch of the Salvation Army, and in aid of the Salvation Army War Funds.

MILITARY CROSS FOR LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL.

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, K.T., V.C.O., who has just been awarded the Military Cross, has been on a visit home, and this photograph was taken at Dalzell House last week. His Lordship is in the centre of the picture, and beside him is Lady Hamilton, who is keenly interested in the welfare of the "boys" who are being treated at her auxiliary hospital in Dalzell House. Lord Hamilton, who has now returned to France, where he is attached to the General Headquarters Staff as assistant military secretary, has been twice mentioned in despatches.

IMPROVING COAST PROSPECTS.

EXTRA TRAVELLING FACILITIES FOR "FAIR."

ROSY OPTIMISM AT "ROSA."

Rothesay, Saturday Night.

The prospects for the season at Rothesay, despite such adverse conditions as restricted rail and steam facilities and curtailed holidays, are now much more cheerful than they appeared at the commencement of the year.

Interviewed to-day by a "Post Sunday Special" representative, a prominent ex-Magistrate of the burgh stated that the outlook for this summer in Rothesay, while it is not likely to approach pre-war records, was none the less encouraging.

"Visitors are now arriving in larger numbers," he said, "and, as every day sees the fantastic scare regarding submarines and mines between Bute and the mainland becoming more and more a subject of derisive scepticism, even in the most credulous urban district, the situation is improving. Inquiries for apartments or houses for July, August, and even September are now coming in more rapidly.

Plentiful Food Supplies.

"City people need have no fear in regard to food supplies at the coast this season. The stories of scarcity of edible articles at the coast in circulation are equally as extraordinary and groundless as the other wild tales which appear to have found some measure of credence in Glasgow and other large centres. Really, one might almost be tempted to suspect that celebrated if suspected agency the 'Hidden Hand' for the inception and circulation of these remarkable rumours!"

The speaker added, as evidence of the district's general sound prosperity, that for the financial year concluded a few weeks ago the expenditure in the various departments of burgh finance, with one exception, had failed to reach the estimated totals. This indicated sound finance allied to careful civic management.

"Given good weather," concluded the ex-Magistrate, "I see every reason to anticipate a very busy July and August in Bute."

Holiday Travelling Facilities.

Another roseate gleam in the prospects of this third war-summer for the Clyde resorts is afforded by the announcement by Mr M. G. Roberts, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, in the House of Commons this week that the Government is considering arrangements for extra facilities for travel to and from the coast during the holiday period in the West of Scotland. Extra trains and steamers in the Glasgow Fair fortnight in July will mean much to Rothesay, Dunoon, Millport, and the lesser Clyde resorts, for the results of the Fair definitely stamp every coast season as either good or bad, the preceding weeks being merely crescendo and the following weeks in the season diminuendo effects in that great holiday symphony, "Glasgow Fair."

With adequate transport facilities now in view, seaside optimists are already anticipating the July onset of Glasgow's toiling thousands, freed from shipyards, munition works, and the more ordinary channels of commercial life, and scattering their "excess profits" in a liberal and golden shower in return for the benefits of glowing sunshine and health-giving breezes. Already even that proverbial personage the coast landlady is parleying with the "single spies" who presage the oncoming of the big battalions from the hot and dusty streets of the city. For the coast landlady is also obeying that urgent command of war-time "carry on!"

RED CROSS DISPLAY AT GLASGOW.

X-Ray and Dental Establishment on Wheels.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The long row of Red Cross waggons which were drawn up in Blythswood Square this afternoon must have come as a revelation to many members of the public. In addition to the ordinary vehicles used for ambulance work generally, there was a mobile field kitchen, a mobile workshop and tool-room, a complete dental establishment on wheels (with all the latest and most scientific appliances for prompt and painless extraction of molars), and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—a mobile X-ray waggon with full outfit not only for taking X-ray photographs, but also for drying and developing the plates. The majority of the vehicles were the joint gifts of the Scottish Coal-owners' Association and the Scottish Union of Mine Workers, but the dental waggon was from an anonymous donor, and the X-ray establishment from the Scottish Farmers' Union.

Within the premises of the Scottish Automobile Club, the presentation of the vehicles took place. Mr W. J. Anderson, who is associated with the treasurership of the Scottish Branch of the British Red Cross Society, presided, and expressed the gratitude and admiration of the Society for the magnificent result of Captain Dennis Bailey's scheme for raising funds for the providing of such waggons. The Scottish public, said Mr Anderson, had not been slow to give of their best, £641,000 having been contributed since the outbreak of the war, and the ambulance waggons having carried 800,000 wounded men—a relief and a benefit that was incalculable.

FOUR YEARS' DETENTION FOR GOVAN BOY.

Govan, Saturday.

William M'Gilvray, aged fifteen, residing at 96 Queen Street, Govan, was charged at Govan Police Court to-day with having stolen from a house at 96 Queen Street £8 in money and two brass clocks. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to four years' detention in St William's Reformatory, Market Weighton.

SECRETS OF THE TEUTON ADMIRALTY—REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

With the German Fleet in the Kiel Canal: Remarkable Disclosures.

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

BY the time I returned on board the little steamer a few more documents had been added to an already voluminous parcel of red, green, blue, yellow, and white sheets. All had to be stamped and signed and sworn to; and about noon we not only had permission, but strict orders as well, to "clear out."

Passing underneath the new Kaiser Wilhelm Bridge, we reached the main part of the New Harbour. Thence, through the southern and westernmost exit (No. 1), we ultimately reached Jade Bay. On leaving the last lock we shipped one of the Weser district pilots, who was to see us as far as Wangeroog, and not only steer us through the narrow winding channels between the sandbanks, but through many devious zigzag paths of the mine-fields as well. As we passed the main entrance to Wilhelmshaven the U11 came in. She was greeted by hurrahs and the sirens of ships close by, so I concluded that the crew had covered themselves with some further "glory."

In thoroughness the Germans can give any other nation twelve months start, and still easily overtake it in the next two. I don't think that a British salmon of any self-respecting weight would succeed in slipping through the sentinels guarding the entrances to the Jade, Weser, and Elbe mouths. We had hardly been out in the bay half an hour when a patrol boat came alongside.

"Your papers, if you please," demanded a very grimy, but important-looking young naval officer. "Every hand on deck, if you please," was the next order. Everyone of us was thoroughly examined, scrutinised, and asked whether he spoke English, whether he had ever served in any army or navy, and which, whether he had any relations in Britain, in France, in Belgium, in Italy. The officer must have liked our society, for he stayed and stayed, and finally decided to see us safely out. His old-fashioned torpedo boat was to follow.

Slowly we wound our way down Jade Bay, half a dozen signal pennants flowing from our mainmast. Wherever one looked one could not evade the watching eyes of the coast batteries, the muzzles of which seemed to warn you threateningly to "behave yourself." About two o'clock we reached the Schillighorn Lighthouse, or what used to be there, but is no longer.

If we thought we should have clear sailing now, we were deceived. Another torpedo-boat, of less prehistoric design, came flying towards us. Our guest—or was he our host?—became all in a flutter, like a debutante at her first presentation. Soon another officer, with a little more gold braid round his cuffs, came to pay his respects.

Then followed a heel-clicking on the part of our first visitor, and a quick-fire of German, which I suppose was a report, but which sounded more like ten lines of typewritten matter with the punctuation and the spacing between the words left out. I pride myself on a thorough knowledge of the German language, but may I be hanged if I could make out more than the "Melde gehorsamst" ("Report most obediently"). The superior grunted something about going to see for himself. He did. The whole performance—search, examination of crew, cross-questioning, and thought X-raying—started over again. It looked as if we were going to spend another night in Jade Bay.

Not to be Trusted in the Dark.

We were eventually allowed to proceed, and got as far as Wangeroog that day (it was then about four), having completed, since eleven a.m. that morning about twenty-eight miles. Needless to say, we could not be trusted in the dark, certainly not near such an important station as Wangeroog. We might slip across the island that night and steal one of the 12-inch guns! Four sailors and a petty officer, carrying their bread, sausages, and beer, came to look after us.

Next morning another young naval lieutenant introduced himself—it was about six a.m. No, thank you; he had breakfasted already. He made certain that his colleagues had overlooked no errors in the bill of lading, the list of the crew, and half a dozen other manifests; and after another thorough scrutiny of the ensemble, departed with his men and the remnants of their provisions, which had polluted the air of our not over-ventilated little cabin.

We passed the Roter Sand Lighthouse that should be, but was no more, and actually had paddled along six or eight knots unassisted before we were held up again. "Stop at once," was the signal from another torpedo boat that might have served as an escort to Noah's Ark. Of course, it was the same rigmarole all over again.

"Hadn't you better take a pilot along?" inquired the naval officer of the skipper. The latter, having made the journey for the last ten years, week after week, knew the channels as well as any pilot; still, mines might have shifted during the night, so he might as well transfer the responsibility of the vessel to a German pilot. Up went our flag bordered with white, and a large sailing vessel, which had been lying inshore, made for us. The weather out there was very dirty. We had to manœuvre our ship round several times, in order to make a lee for the little yawl bringing the pilot. After he had come on board we had peace for a few hours. Nothing to worry us but a stiff north-west gale, that tried hard to blow us on one of the many sandbanks, and every few minutes a wave that drove everything loose on deck before it.

One of the stokers was a new hand, and this was his first taste of the North Sea. How sorry I felt for the poor devil. For several hours he stood on deck frantically holding on to the railings to avoid being washed off. Every once in a while he would bravely descend, but only for a very few minutes. He ended up by having himself tied to the lee rail, and he stayed there till we reached calmer waters.

We gave the treacherous Scharhorn a wide berth, and then turned east towards the Elbe mouth and Cuxhaven, where they began to worry us again. A patrol boat waved its welcome to us, and subsequently gave us a lead, while four of her crew under a junior officer searched us. The process of examination was repeated a few more times, but at last we reached Cuxhaven, where we were to put up for the night.

We had accomplished over forty-two miles that day. A record! It was still early—about 4 p.m. It would be high tide for another two hours. "Could we not go on to Brunsbuttel?" (a distance of about sixteen miles) we inquired. "What, approach the canal at dusk? Were we mad? Did we want to commit suicide?" They certainly were much concerned about our safety.

Of course, we had to take lodgers again for the night—six of them this time. They made themselves quite at home in our one and only cabin. Still, they contented themselves with one side, leaving the opposite seat for the captain, the mate, and myself. The seat was not built to accommodate six stout Germans, and it was extremely amusing, and made up for many annoyances of the day, to see those six creatures trying to hang on to whatever part of the bench they could squeeze into. When I tell you that it only gave the three of us just elbow-room, and that the Germans were dressed in top-coats, with belts, bayonets, cartridge pouches, &c., you may better imagine than I can describe the amount of comfort they enjoyed. Whenever one of them wanted to get at his provisions he had to stand up, and his place, like a hole in dry sand, filled up at once.

"No Britishers in the North Sea."

One of them had a little terrier with him. I liked him—the dog, I mean—and when I heard its pathetic story I took it literally to my heart. It had to answer to a name that sounded like Ooloel, but was meant to stand for "U" and "Lille." The dog was a trophy brought home by a relative of the present owner, who, serving on a submarine, had rescued him from the torpedoed Ville de Lille. Poor U-Lille had not heard his native tongue for a long time, and when I addressed him in French he pricked up his ears, stood on his hind legs, and put his little head on my knee, while his brown eyes looked swiftly at me, as if he wanted to say—"Take me away from these Huns; take me back to my master."

But to return to his present master and his companions. "Seen any Britishers hanging round here lately?" I inquired.

"Ugh!" grunted the fattest of the lot, while cutting his sausages into inch-thick slices, with a pocket-knife large enough for a chief cook; "there isn't the smell of a Britisher left on the North Sea."

"Well, that's cheerful," I replied. "You couldn't say the same about Germans—eh?"

It passed by most of them, except a little dark man with narrow slits in his head, where the eyes are supposed to be. He looked quizzingly at me, and slowly remarked—"You don't seem to like the 'German smell,' eh?"

"I don't mind it," I answered indifferently, but added in the next breath, "on the North Sea!"

Grand Manœuvres in a Canal.

About 5.30 a.m. we were on our way for the last lap before reaching the Canal, a distance of about sixteen miles. After skirting the Medem Sand, we had a clear channel of six fathoms, and bore east by north-east to Brunsbuttel. Half-way down we were flagged again, this time by a torpedo-boat that looked most businesslike. A hasty inspection was made, and then we were told to continue with all possible speed to Brunsbuttel, as part of the German fleet was at our heels. No ships of any description would be allowed anywhere near.

We stoked up the old Fannie (that wasn't her real name) till she fairly foamed at the mouth, and reached the harbour at the western entrance of the Canal before eight. Here we joined a number of other small craft, and were told that we should have to wait till the fleet had passed. The Brunsbuttel entrance of the Canal has two long moles built out in to the Elbe for a length of from 1200 to 1500 feet, while the width of the entrance must be quite 2800 feet, if not more.

Who said the German Fleet was inactive? Ask the employees of the Kiel Canal locks at Holtenau and Brunsbuttel. They'll tell you a different story. Ask them how often they have to stand by, night and day, and labour at their jobs, passing the fleet in and out.

Evidently, however, the fleet was not as close to us as the torpedo-boat commander had tried to make us believe. We had plenty of time for reflection and for admiration of the wonderful new locks. I was fortunate enough to get an opportunity to go on land. The captain charged me with the delivery of a stack of documents at the office of the port. It goes without saying that I was properly chaperoned. Two sailors with loaded rifles and bayonets marched one on each side of me.

"What's all the excitement about?" I inquired innocently of my two guardian angels. They replied almost simultaneously, and with that peculiar inflection in the voice which ordinary mortals only use when speaking about something spiritual—"Zu Befehl. Flotte macht grosse Manover" ("At your orders, sir. The fleet is going through grand manœuvres"). No, kind reader, they did not smile; there was not even the suspicion of a twinkle in their eyes. Oh, these Germans! they have little enough sense of humour at the best of times; but when it comes to matters concerning their fleet they refuse to see anything but dead serious business. Grand manœuvres in war-time! Shades of Nelson! What next? I thought. Grand manœuvres in a canal! Indeed, here was an object-lesson for those croakers in Britain who ask, "What is our fleet doing?" No better illustration of "Britannia rules the waves" did I ever see, or have seen since, than on that murky spring day in the mouth of the Elbe.

Later, at the Post Office, I asked an official what was the object of these manœuvres? Why didn't they practise outside, in the Baltic, or—Hm!—in the North Sea? Oh, that was a very simple matter. They are trying several times a month to reduce the record of the passage time through the Canal. Did I realise that their biggest ships could not pass through the Canal, from Wik to Brunsbuttel, in a fraction under six hours? I agreed with him, of course, that such a performance was indeed marvellous. And the riddle suggested itself to me—but I did not voice it—"If a German Dreadnought can race through the sixty miles of the Canal, including two locks, in less than six hours, how fast could it get out of the way with a British battleship at its heels?"

But to return to my intercourse with the official.

At the Giant Locks.

"Had I been in Germany long?" Oh, I knew Germany very well; in fact, I had spent some of the most profitable—educationally speaking—days of my life in Germany. And I had been so fortunate as always to encounter only the cultured type of German. "Ah! hum! what boat did I come on? Oh, yes, quite so—the Fannie. Well, we should have ample time before our papers could be cleared. Would I like a walk with him? We might be able to see some of the ships at close quarters; and, anyhow, the new locks were quite worth a closer inspection." Well, to be sure, that was most kind of him. Of course, it would be most interesting to be able to tell my friends in Neutralia that the German fleet was in first-class fighting trim; but I could not dream of wasting his valuable time. "Oh, not at all! It would be a great pleasure. You know, so few foreigners really understand the German people. We are so peace-loving, so industrious; but, by Jupiter! don't pull the eagle's feathers, for then his wrath will punish those who dare to attack his nest and young. But come along." With a very superior air and a wave of his right hand, he dismissed my two chaperons, who clicked their heels, saluted, and murmured, "Zu Befehl," while we started towards the giant locks.

The visit was well worth while. Figures and statistics are tedious at best, still I must fall back upon them for a moment in order to give some idea of the colossal dimensions of the Kiel Canal. The new locks, which were completed shortly before the war, have been built alongside the two old ones. According to the official figures they are 1075 feet long, 157 feet wide, and 45 feet deep.

In other words, they are eighty feet longer, fifty feet wider, and five feet deeper than those of the Panama Canal. They are large enough to hold eventually a 60,000-ton ship, which is the dream of Herr Ballin. It follows that the largest battleships can easily pass through. The Canal itself is 98.65 km. (i.e., about sixty-one miles) long. It is 144 feet wide at the bottom and 332 feet wide on the surface. The cost of building and improvements amounts to over £20,000,000 sterling. Apart from its great strategical value, it saves ships going from the Baltic to the North Sea, or vice versa, a distance of 450 miles (80 as against 530 miles).

About nine o'clock the champions of Germany's future were sighted. The battleship Helgoland was leading, and she certainly cut through the water in great style. With a distance of about a thousand feet between them, seven other large ships followed. Two torpedo-boat flotillas (i.e., twenty-two boats) accompanied them. Behind the Helgoland came the Thuringen; then the Oldenburg, followed by the Ostfriesland, the flagship of the Helgoland class. Behind them, again, came some old acquaintances, viz., the ships of the Kaiser class, consisting of the Kaiser, the Konig Albert, and the Friedrich der Grosse, the flagship. The famous battle cruiser Moltke brought up the rear.

I do not recall exactly how long it took those eight ships and their escorts—using all four locks—to pass from the Elbe into the Canal; but I am certain it was less than twenty minutes from beginning to end. "Well," inquired my official escort, "Germany's cause is not lost yet, eh? with such 'Prachtkerle'" (magnificent fellows) "to stand guard over us." But somehow my enthusiasm had subsided. It was a magnificent sight, yet it seemed sad. It was wonderful, yet I could not draw any inspiration from it. Again and again there came leaping back to my mind the solemn, confident answer of those two simple sailors—"Grosse Manover"; and, try as I would, I could not see in the whole performance anything else but a practical demonstration of Britain's sea power. These splendid ships deserved a better fate than "Grand Manœuvres" in a canal!

When I returned on board the captain seemed surprised and at the same time relieved to see me back. "Where the —— have you been?" he asked. "This is the first time I know that any non-German ever spent so much time on land. We began to think you had been arrested. It does not take much, you know, in this part of the world in these days, to be locked up. A careless question, one yard off the straight and narrow path, and you're in for it."

While I had been well entertained on shore, they had had the usual performance on board. Every corner had been searched and examined by a staff of experts. The engines, too, were tested, to avoid a possible breakdown in the Canal. What were they searching for in these ships of legitimate traders attached to the German Fleet? "Dynamite, sir. This is our war (so they say!). We are fighting for our existence, and we are not going to take anybody's word for anything. We make sure."

We were not allowed to follow in the wake of the proud Armada, but had to wait for further orders.

It was nearly one o'clock before we finally made our entrance into the Canal. The huge gaping mouths of the "small" locks (nearly 400 feet long) swallowed us up, and ten minutes later we were inside. Together with the other small craft, the number of which by now had increased to seventeen, led by one naval tug and followed by another, our procession started at a fair pace on its sixty-one-mile journey through the most jealously-guarded stretch of waterway in the world. Once on our way the progress was fairly rapid. I think we made our eight to nine knots easily. At Taterpfahl, about four miles beyond the locks, we passed underneath the first railroad bridge, a magnificent structure, standing well over 140 feet above the level of the Canal. I noticed how very sparsely and compactly it seems to have been built. You might blow it up, but unless there happened to be a train on it at the time, the debris could be picked up and removed from the Canal in a very short time. The supports stood well back from the banks, and no amount of dynamite could blow them into the waterway. The stations on both sides are over a mile distant from the canal.

Both sides of the canal were guarded at regular intervals by double sentries. Numerous military huts and sentry-boxes were stationed at every mile. There must have been a soldier for every hundred yards. Anti-aircraft guns were lavishly distributed along the entire distance, especially on and near the bridges. At less than twelve miles from the entrance we reached a small lake, which had been dredged and deepened, and now forms turning-basin No. 4.

Kiel Harbour.

We faced a most imposing spectacle when we entered Kiel Harbour proper. There before us lay the great "Fleet in being." We passed close by the Lothringen, the Markgraf, the Nassau, the Wittelsbach, &c. Torpedo boats, pinnaces, motor boats, yawls, launches boats of all kinds and descriptions, twined their way in and out between the big ships. The Imperial yacht Hohenzollern showed up very conspicuous in its coat of white paint, among the dark-grey monsters. Close by her lay the armoured cruiser Von der Tann, with steam up. Soon after we had passed her she slowly moved down the line towards the Baltic. "Manœuvres," I suppose!

The distance from the Canal mouth to the Imperial Dockyards is about four miles as the crow flies. On our left, as we went up the harbour, we passed the huge shipbuilding yards of the Howdalts Works. Another half-mile or so further brought us to the Imperial Wharf. The air reverberated with a hundred different noises and sounds. The electric steel hammers from the dockyards mingled with the warning notes of the torpedo-boat sirens. There was whistling, shouting, cursing. It was, as at Wilhelmshaven—bustle, activity, life all round. One felt surcharged with the electricity of one's surroundings and swept away by the exhilarating atmosphere.

The large battleships, all cleared for action, appeared less out of place here than those I had seen the day before in the Canal. The defying angles of their guns, their towering walls of steel plate, the giant bridges and solid gun turrets, seemed to throw a challenge to all the world. Yet, did they? Their main occupation seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with each other in the Canal. The ships have every appearance of being most perfect fighting units. The sight of them warms the heart of any lover of sea-power. Yet, while the sister organisation, the German Army, on the two occasions when I have attended its manœuvres, and also during my recent trip to the Eastern front, where I saw it overcome almost insurmountable obstacles, could arouse my enthusiasm, these big, over-armed monsters left me cold.

The more I saw of the German Fleet, and talked to its officers and its men, the more I became convinced that this war is not going to see a naval battle fought out to the bitter end. My trips have proved to me that, in the widest sense of the term, the Germans spoke the truth when they said—"We are not going to take any chances with our fleet."

The day of my arrival in Kiel I was invited to see some of the German warships in action—in Kiel Bay. My naval friend and another officer called for me at my hotel in a huge grey car, with Germany's coat of arms painted all over it. The car was a German Mercedes, and certainly built for speed. An orderly was seated next to the driver, and frequently blew a long horn of a peculiar but not unpleasant sound. Whenever the man sounded his "Ta-ri-ta-ta," man, woman, child, and beast within half a mile ran for cover. Through the suburb of Gaarden we flew, then north through the People's Park, past the Imperial Wharf, and through Elterbeck and Wellingdorf. At the Howaldts Dockyards we were ferried across the Schwentine, and then turned north-west again to reach the shore road. Just north of the naval artillery depot (ammunition magazines) we stopped, and our guide invited us to leave the car and follow him to a promontory for a view of the harbour.

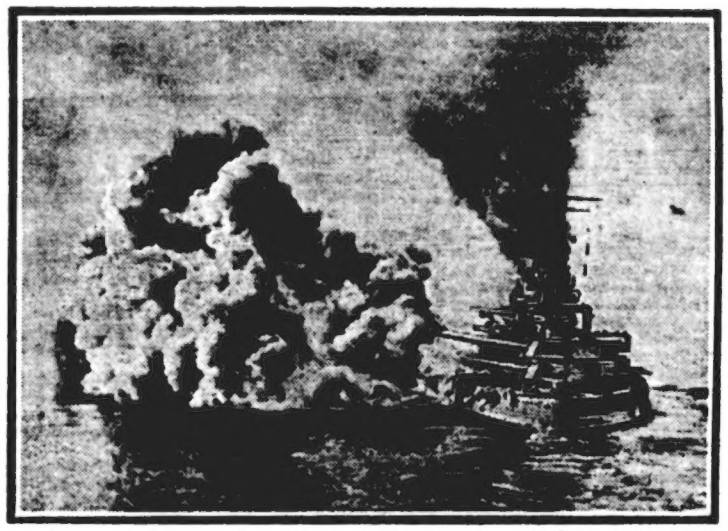
A Superb Sight.

It was, indeed, well worth while. The sight was superb. In front of us, to left, to right, wherever our eyes travelled, we saw nothing but warships, of all types and ages. On closer inspection I noticed, first, four distinct lines of them anchored near large black and white buoys. The naval officer explained to me the different anchorages. The four rows of buoys are designated respectively A, B, C, and D, the letters being followed by numbers beginning with zero (nearest to Kiel) and running up to 17.

At the Naval College I was shown a large map of Kiel Harbour. The most interesting features of this map were the corrections made on it since the beginning of the war. The names of the ships were printed in fat black type, but I noticed at once a fair sprinkling of red lines and dates. These indicate the ships that have been lost, and the dates on which the losses occurred.

Less than a third of a mile in front of us, at A11, lay the Kaiser, one of Germany's finest 25,000-ton battleships, with a broadside of ten 12-inch guns. When with the fleet the Kaiser lives on her. About a thousand feet in front of her, towards the mouth of the harbour, at A12, the Kaiserin was anchored. Through our glasses we could follow the lines north and south. A10 was empty, while at A9 the Kaiser's yacht Hohenzollern was riding. Next to her, at A8, lay the Friedrich der Grosse, the flagship of the fleet. Although belonging to the Kaiser class, she was placed well back in harbour, separated from the other ships. A7 was empty, and the British Fleet knows why. Once it had been the safe slumbering place of the Blucher. Buoy A6 should have been occupied by the Deutschland, but she was "draussen" (outside), we were told. "Where? In the North Sea or the Baltic?" I could not resist asking. Our guide did not know. Probably she was gallivanting round the North Sea looking for the British that never came, aching for a scrap—like her late neighbour at A7. Still further down, at No. 1, was another ominous vacancy, viz., the Mainz buoy. The more one looked at those lines through one's glasses, the more vacancies one observed. Our guide knew the names of all the missing ships. What a host of memories were called up when he sadly pointed towards Buoy B5, once the Emden anchorage; to Buoy 17, the former home of the Gneisenau.

It was quite an imposing spectacle, but I must admit having been bloodthirsty enough to wish for a few more vacancies in the lines. There were too many battleships left, and, as I gazed at them so peacefully and safely at anchor there, I thought how the sight would warm the heart of any British submarine commander. What a place for torpedoes. But the bottle-neck of Kiel Bay, only three-quarters of a mile wide, giving entrance to the real harbour is too well guarded.



Sharp-Shooting of a Large German Battleship.

NEXT WEEK—
The Zeppelin Delusion—Adventures with a Camera.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE ONE MAN WHO DOES KNOW.

MR BALFOUR'S RETURN.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

ALTHOUGH complaints are sometimes heard about the brevity of the official messages from the Western front, I have it on the authority of a member of the Government that Ministers know very little more than is vouchsafed to the general public.

This does not apply, of course, to the five who are members of the War Cabinet. Necessarily they are fully conversant with the Allied plans, though even Mr Lloyd George and his colleagues were dependent for their news about the progress of the Flanders offensive on the same short message which conveyed the intelligence to the man in the street.

Probably the man who knows more than anyone else in London is Sir Wm. Robertson, who takes upon his shoulders quite as much as ever Lord Kitchener did—the control of the military side of the war. In this particular the innovation Mr Lloyd George introduced of working with a very small Cabinet does not seem greatly to have altered things as they were when we were blessed or cursed with a Cabinet of twenty-three members.

Dictator of the Campaign.

Talking of Sir Wm. Robertson reminds me that his name is more on men's lips at this moment than it has probably ever been before in his remarkable career. He has increased his reputation wonderfully since he went to the War Office, and has gone a long way to justify the comment of soldiers over in France when they heard of his appointment. "Now there is a chance of our winning," they said

It was written of Sir Wm. Robertson some little time ago that he is a man of whom the public hears little, but for sheer intellectual force he has perhaps no rival. That is perfectly true of him to-day. We hear very little about him, but you see his influence in every phase of the war. In the opinion of many good judges he is at this moment the most powerful man in the country guiding the destiny of the nation to a greater extent than any individual member of the War Cabinet, not even excepting Mr Lloyd George or Lord Milner. He has found his true place as the scientific adviser and, may I say, "Dictator" of the campaign.

"Safe Oot; Safe In."

There was general satisfaction this afternoon at the news that Mr Balfour is safely back in England. I shall be greatly surprised if he does not have a great reception when he re-enters the House of Commons next week.

The success of his mission has been undoubted. America had got the war fever before he arrived, but, as one American expresses it, Mr Balfour's advent fairly set the prairie on fire. It is impossible for anyone to come in personal contact with Mr Balfour without falling under the influence of the charm of his personality. At the House of Commons we talk of "The Arthurian legend," and everyone knows the hold the present Foreign Secretary has established on the affections of the Legislative Assembly. There have been greater Parliamentary leaders than Arthur James Balfour, but none, it may safely be said, who have been so loved.

That he ran some personal risk in undertaking the trip to America is generally recognised. The German submarines were on the lookout for him, and the boat which took him across was delayed in its departure for some considerable time on this account.

Mr Bonar Law's Health.

His friends who know how devoted he is to his children are grieved, though not surprised, that Mr Bonar Law's health has broken down under the strain of harrowing uncertainty about the fate of his son. When Mr Bonar Law first became Unionist leader on Mr Balfour's resignation he was sometimes criticised for disappearing from the House every evening at a stated hour, whatever the nature of the debate. That was shortly after he became a widower, and criticism was silenced when it became known that he went home every evening to his house at Kensington to see his young children before they retired to bed.

I remember very similar criticism being directed against the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, C.B., then Prime Minister, and in his case also the explanation of his frequent absence from the House was a domestic one. Lady Campbell Bannerman was dying from a long and painful illness, and insisted on her husband being by her side.

America's Shipping Construction.

Although the President of the United States has been given power in case of need to commandeer all ships that are being built in American yards for foreign countries, I understand that so far no action has been taken in the matter. If, however, he should decide to do so Norwegian owners will be chiefly affected, as most of the orders for outside tonnage were placed by them. Fewer contracts than is generally supposed were given out by British companies, and there is now reason to hope that in the circumstances their vessels will not be requisitioned.

As regards American shipping generally, everything seems as yet to be in a more or less nebulous state, but a good beginning has now been made with the new programme of construction. At first it was intended to build 100 wooden ships. As, however, it would have been necessary to use unseasoned wood, and to employ a large number of carpenters with no knowledge of the shipbuilding industry, the proposal has been abandoned.

OUR GREAT OFFENSIVE FROM AIR AND SEA.

WIPING OUT THE U-BOAT "DUGOUTS" AT OSTEND.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

SAMUEL PEPYS, Clerk of the Navy Acts, flourished (by adroitly receiving bribes) during the reign of Charles II., "the Merry Monarch." From 1659 to 1669 Pepys kept a secret diary, the fame of which is now historical. Looking through this work a few days ago, I was interested to find a note that, during the Dutch War of 1666, the London merchants were loudly complaining that the enemy's "little picaroon ships at Ostend" were capturing and molesting our commercial vessels in the Channel.

"Wasps' nests" were as much a nuisance two hundred and fifty years ago as they are to-day. Like Sam Pepys and his contemporaries, we have been much afflicted by the enemy's "little picaroon ships" at Ostend. Merchants and other folk have loudly asked why nothing was done to stop the nuisance. Grumbling has been quelled for the moment by the series of strong aero-naval attacks made on the Belgian Coast during the last ten days.

So many raids have been made, and so many official and unofficial accounts issued regarding these attacks, it is difficult to trace out the full history of this new offensive. So we will try to emulate Pepys for the moment and present a diary of events for the past ten days, detailing all the aerial and naval operations directed against the coast of Belgium in enemy hands.

But first one must point out one commendable feature in all our recent assaults from the air and sea. It is the attention which has been paid to destroying the docks and shipping at Bruges. We have heard much of Zeebrugge, but Zeebrugge is, after all, only "the entrance lodge" to Bruges, and is sometimes referred to as Bruges-by-the-Sea.

Between the port on the coast and the inland town there runs a canal, over seventy feet wide and twenty-six feet deep. Although it will not float Dreadnoughts, this waterway would certainly accommodate any warships from torpedo-boats up to armoured and light cruisers, and the smaller forms of pre-Dreadnought battleships. The enemy raiders who run back to Zeebrugge can retire far up the canal to Bruges, where no shells from our monitors can reach them. Most of our bombardments have been aimed at blocking up the Zeebrugge-Bruges Canal, but all the damage and destruction we have caused so far has soon been cleared away by the enemy.

There are two fairly big docks at Bruges and some engineering works. At Ghent I do not know what docks there may be, but the big Diesel-engine building firm of Carels is located here, and the Germans are said to have converted its works into a submarine building yard. At Ostend there are four or five small docks, another large basin, and two or three patent slipways upon which destroyers and submarines can be repaired. These details represent the facilities which were known to exist before the war. There is no definite information about the improved docking and repairing accommodation the Germans have prepared at the Belgian ports. From official reports it is certain they have erected submarine workshops, fuel tanks, and store sheds at Zeebrugge, Bruges, and Ostend. Along the dunes they have mounted powerful batteries at Heyst, Zeebrugge, Knocke, Blankenberghe, Ostend, and at other points, while the pre-war railway system has been improved to form a strategic railway following the coast line.

A Diary of Destruction.

Having explained so much, we can next proceed to record the history of our latest attacks on those enemy positions. Mr Bonar Law informs us that, during April and May, Zeebrugge was raided twenty-four times, and received over a thousand bombs from the air, these projectiles containing more than thirty tons of explosives. From which information you can assess the destructive charge of our aerial bombs by the help of a little arithmetic. We can now carry on the narrative for the present month.

May 31-June 1.—On this night, as the Admiralty report says, our seaplanes from Dunkirk attacked Ostend, Zeebrugge, and Bruges, many tons of bombs being dropped with good results. To this must be added a non-official message from Amsterdam, saying that Ghent had been raided by Allied aircraft, and much damage caused. (Ghent was not mentioned in any of our official accounts).

June 1-June 2.—During this night the enemy aerodrome at St Denis Westrem (near Ghent) was raided. Dutch accounts say that our 'planes hit the enemy's hangars with sixty-five bombs. If you have done the sum for which Mr Bonar Law supplied the ingredients I think you will find that sixty-five bombs equals about two tons of explosives. Another non-official version from Holland says a big gas-container at Rabot was hit and set alight, forming a splendid illumination for the work of the British aviators.

June 2-June 3.—Nothing recorded, but a vague French official report suggests that the Huns counter-raided Dunkirk on this night with their aircraft.

June 3-June 4.—The Bruges Docks and shipping appear to have been twice attacked on this night, while the Zeebrugge-Bruges Canal also received attention. The French report says fifty-four bombs were dropped "on the naval establishments at Bruges, and an attack was also made on Ghistelles. The aerodrome at St Denis Westrem received finishing touches from eleven 'planes or more, including French aviators from Dunkirk, and, to adopt a phrase the Germans seem very fond of, the seaplane depot at Ostend "was well pelted with bombs." Good results were in all cases secured. The Dutch weigh in with the comment that the aerial attacks on this night were the greatest observed during the whole war. They say "Zeehaven" was aero-raided, but "Zeehaven," I think, is only the Dutch name for the port we know as Zeebrugge. Dutch reports received on Thursday afternoon indicate still more objectives being attacked at Port Arthur, St Amand, and Ledeberg, while a train running between St Pierre and Bruges was derailed.

June 4-June 5.—During the early morning hours of June 5 our attacks seemed to have worked up to a climax. Bruges Docks were again bombarded from above, one heavy explosion and several smaller ones being observed. At dawn the same objectives were attacked for the second time. Meanwhile our monitors approached Ostend in darkness about midnight, and opened up a terrific fire on the docks and harbour. Commodore Tyrwhitt, with his light cruisers and destroyers, again caught the German destroyers at sea, to the number of six, and managed to sink one modern hostile boat—820—and severely damaged another.

After all this bombarding and badgering the Germans seem to have got badly stung with hate, and ran off on a daylight raid on the Medway Estuary. It cost them dear, for eight to ten of their best aeroplanes were tumbled down out of the sky. About the same time as we were being raided we were making a photographic reconnaissance from aircraft of Ostend to ascertain the amount of damage caused by the monitors' bombardment. Two Zeppelins (accompanied with five or six torpedo boats) and three German seaplanes wandered above the Dutch island of Ameland all day. What the Zepps were doing is hard to make out. Perhaps they were thinking of attacking us again, but found the weather adverse.

On June 6 our 'planes attacked the enemy aerodrome at Nieveomunster, near Blankenberghe, while on the same day three enemy machines were brought down by "the navy that flies" north-east of Dixmude.

Pounding the Submarine Shelters.

Some uncertainty exists as to the conditions under which our warships shelled Ostend. It is said they again attacked, under the cover of fog, a kind of natural "smoke screen" which hid our vessels from the enemy coastal batteries. In such cases, the advantage rests with us. By firing the guns at a fixed elevation and training, one has fair assurance that the shells will land on an invisible target, especially when that target is a port and dockyard like Ostend, covering many acres. On the other hand, the German batteries have to fire back at random into the fog at the small, moving, and invisible targets of the monitors, and it is blind luck if they secure a hit.

Commodore Tyrwhitt's engagement does appear to have taken place somewhere off Zeebrugge or Ostend, and the night was so clear, the German destroyers were sighted four or five miles away, and chased for two hours. Here there was no question of any fog. But, still the Ostend gunners inflicted no casualties on our monitors, their shooting must have either been execrable, or else their targets invisible. The only solution is, there was an off-shore fog near Ostend, but not where Commodore Tyrwhitt secured his success.

Ostend was most decidedly well pounded about. Little notice has been paid to the remark in the Admiralty report that we injured the "submarine shelter." At Zeebrugge and Ostend, the enemy has set up a kind of bomb-proof "dugout" for his U boats. These are said to be made of earth embankments, but it cannot be made out if the "pirates' cave" are roofed over or not. I should say they are, either by steel and reinforced concrete roofs, or by strong wire netting. Some kind of head cover would have to be used as a protection for the U boats against our seaplane bombs. The submarine shelters are ingenious, but when a great shell from a monitor lands on the roof, ruin ensues. If you want your submarine again, you have to empty the dock and excavate it from under a few hundred tons of concrete and debris. And when the U boat is exhumed, it looks rather moth-eaten.

Pitched Battles with the Pirates.

Last Thursday's weekly return of shipping sunk by mines and submarines showed an uninteresting toll of casualties, neither above nor below the usual average, so no comment will be presented this week on the subject. However, about a dozen accounts have come to hand of unsuccessful attacks made by U boats on merchant vessels.

The Navy Department at Washington send out a very good report of a pitched battle between an armed U.S. ship and a very big U boat. In this case the attacker mounted two six-inch guns, the most powerful battery yet mounted in a submarine that we have yet heard of from the Press. The German boat appears to be one of the new and huge enemy submersibles which are just now appearing at sea. These craft appear to measure about 300 feet to 400 feet long, and should displace about 2500 to 3000 tons.

The armed American steamer deliberately waited for the attack to begin. The U boat closed in from 700 yards to 2700 yards, fighting for an hour and a half, and firing 35 shots to the steamer's 25. The armed U.S. ship had the last word, for her final shot seemed to lift the big U boat out of the water, and the submarine stood, bows downward, for a few seconds with her stern right out of the sea. Then she dived down almost vertically, and can be regarded as one of the A.C.S. (almost certainly sunk) casualties.

A very similar account of another fight between an armed steamer and a submarine reaches me from another quarter, but where it took place may not be recorded. The U boat is again described as being "very big," and fired eight shots with one hit. The armed steamer replied with six, and secured two bulls' eyes, whereupon the U boat suddenly dived. The steamer's gun in this case was a most ancient old weapon, with such atrocious recoil gear that it could only fire slowly. The mounting would only permit the gun to be trained a little to right or left, and to keep the gun on the target the steamer could not follow a zig-zag course or the target would have gone out of the gun's small arc of training. Yet this decrepit old weapon knocked out a U boat armed with the latest product of the German foundries. This demonstrates that any gun, no matter how old within reasonable limits, protects a steamer

Freak Episodes.

Among recent "freak" episodes of naval warfare is an account given in a German paper of an underwater collision in the Channel between a German and British submarine. This is regarded as being a unique episode, without any previous known parallel in warfare. As a matter of fact, the first instance of a submarine ramming another of her species beneath the surface occurred a considerable time ago. But if details were given, Torquemada would be on the warpath with the thumbscrews. In other words, the Censorship would demand instant explanations.

Such is the grim side of warfare. On the almost comic side, we have the extraordinary aventures of some cinema actors, cruising along the Swedish Coast in pursuit of some "live stunts for the movies." They found them, for they were haunted by a U boat. On its first appearance the submarine captured three Finnish actors and vanished. Next day, it turned up again, bombarded the steamer and examined her papers. Having found everything in order, she allowed the Thespians to proceed and dived for the second time. The identical submarine popped up again later, and for no earthly reason at all, indulged in a little more target practice. Then she carried out a third examination, and departed for good and all. One does not attempt to explain such insane behaviour. As a famous general once said, "there are many imbecilities in warfare," and this seems to be one of them.

IN MEMORIAM.

LORD KITCHENER, 5th JUNE, 1916.

The winter is gone, and the flowers are in bloom,
And the waves are still rolling o'er Kitchener's tomb.

Beneath the dark ocean his body's at rest,
But his spirit is fighting our foes in the West.

And there it shall struggle with hell's hidden powers
Till Kaiserdom falls and the victory is ours.

MATTHEW ANDERSON
(Ayrshire Policeman).

OUR GREAT OFFENSIE—Continued.

MAJOR REDMOND KILLED.

GALLANT IRISH LEADER'S SACRIFICE.

SYMBOL OF SACRIFICE TO IRELAND.

London, Saturday.

The death is announced of Major H. K. Redmond, M.P., from wounds received in action on June 7.

It is stated that Major Redmond was shot whilst gallantly leading his men in the Messines battle.

"Willie" Redmond.

Younger brother of the great Irish leader, the late Major Redmond was fifty-six years of age, and sat for East Clare. Known to everyone as "Willie" Redmond, he was a popular and familiar figure at Westminster. Latterly his hair had turned so grey that it was difficult to believe that he was not older instead of ten years the junior of his distinguished brother. He could always be relied upon to contribute to the gaiety of Parliamentary life at Westminster, and the richness of his brogue and his ready wit did much to relieve the tedium of many a protracted debate.

When he announced his intention of joining the Irish Brigade, he wrote:—

"There may be a few who think that the Germans would not injure Ireland, and that they would even benefit her. I hope the Clare people will rely on no such statements. If the Germans come here—and they will if they reach Great Britain—they will be our masters, and we shall be at their mercy. What that mercy is likely to be, judge by the treatment given to Belgium. I am far too old to be a soldier, but I intend to try to do my best for whatever life remains in me to show that Ireland at least is true to her treaties and not in any way ungrateful to her friends throughout the world."

A Great Favourite.

Major Redmond was just as great a favourite among his men as among his colleagues at Westminster. He had had previous military experience, having been an officer in the Wexford Militia just about the time that his brother John was elected to Parliament. That is now over a quarter of a century ago.

He was as zealous in the discharge of his military duties as he was watchful of the interests of his constituents While holding the rank of captain he met with a serious mishap, as going up to the trenches at night he missed his footing in the darkness, and fell eight or ten feet into a communication trench. His shoulder was dislocated, his collar-bone broken, and his ankle injured.

Major Redmond's patriotism was never more strikingly exemplified than in the appeal he made last year for Irish soldiers. The Sixteenth Division needed reinforcements.

"It would be a thousand pities—indeed, it would be like a betrayal of the heroic dead—if the division which has brought so much honour to the Irish name ceased to be Irish," he wrote.

A Sign to Ireland.

Mr Beach Thomas, the war correspondent, made what was evidently a reference to Major Redmond's death in his story this morning. He wrote:—

"I spent most of the morning with the South Irish, who took Wytschaete Wood and village. They fought side by side with the Ulsters. An officer whose loss they most regretted was taken away from the battle in an Ulster ambulance, and the man who told me of the incident quite clearly felt it to be a sort of sign or symbol of a sacrifice that would soon make all things right in Ireland."

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

In Revolt.

Most of us are in revolt just now against the tradesman's view of life.—New Statesman.

The Man of the Moment.

Let us watch General Brussiloff carefully. He may be the man made for the moment.—Spectator.

The Untruthful Hapsburg.

Even to the Almighty, who knows the truth, the Hapsburg cannot tell it.—New York Times.

They is It.

The Kaiser always refers to the United States as "they," but before he gets through he will discover it is "it."—Boston Transcript.

The Right Reply to Peace Cranks.

Messines and Wytschaete have clean disappeared in the British bombardment. This is the right reply to Stockholm!—Saturday Review.

A Tip from the Enemy.

"About 4000 cases of profiteering are dealt with monthly in Germany." Here is a matter in which we might take a tip from the enemy.—London Star.

Man of Mystery Queries.

Who is "Alec Gordon," what is his real name, and what has been his past career? Where is he now? Is it true that he has gone to America?—The Nation.

Short and Ugly.

"I received my crown from God Almighty."—The Kaiser.

You are a liar, Bill! You got it off Satan. Next!—Louisville Courier Journal.

Questions for the Censor.

Why prevent our own people from knowing things which the enemy is going to get anyway? Why blame the office boy for repeating what the boss tells "in confidence?"—Chicago Blade.

George Washington Eclipsed.

Tradition has it that George Washington once threw a dollar across the Potomac river. But look at the dollars Uncle Sam has thrown across the ocean to Friend Allies.—Detroit News.

Or Perhaps a Golf Club.

If you see some of your men friends strolling down the street of a Saturday afternoon with spades on their shoulders, don't be too sure. They may have a gun or fishing-rod down their legs.—Boston Advertiser

Profiteers.

How they must be laughing up their sleeves at the failure of the attempts to control them! The soldier's wife on her separation allowance and the millions of workers who have received no war bonuses find it no joke, however.—Daily Express

It Couldn't Be Done.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing he knew he'd begun it
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

—Pittsburg Leader.

The Most Unpopular Man.

The Food Controller, whoever he may be, must necessarily be the most unpopular man in the country, the butt of every citizen who does not get his meals to his liking, as well as of everyone who knows exactly—and who does not?—how public affairs ought to be managed, and why public officials make such a mess of it.—Truth.

Out for Big Gains.

The British High Command has plans far more ambitious and operative ideas far bolder than any with which it has been credited either at home or by the enemy. Despite our attritionists, Haig is out for big gains, which his multiple and ever-widening thrusts should ere long secure.—Professor Gerothwohl in Dundee Advertiser.

If the Seamen Strike—

Will the Government charge an Admiral with the safe convoy of Mr Ramsay Macdonald—the same Mr Ramsay Macdonald, be it noted, whose appearance at Leeds was greeted by the singing of "The Red Flag?" Or will Mr Ramsay Macdonald, left to his own devices, be forced to creep out of the country in disguise?—Outlook.

The Kaiser to the Crown Prince.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And the end of your life is in sight,
Yet you frequently pat your God on the head.
"Do you think at your age it is right?"
"From my youth," said his sire, "I've established my case
As a being apart and divine,
And I think if I try to keep God in his place,
He ought to support me and mine."

—New York Sun.

Drawing the Serpent's Fangs.

We do not want to occupy (any longer than we can help) the beautiful city of Berlin. We do not wish to embrace and bear away with us the wooden statue of Hindenburg. We want chiefly the guarantee that Berlin shall be unable again to drill and arm all the barbarian tribes against us. Annexation availeth nothing, neither non-annexation; but the drawing of the fangs of the serpent.—New Witness.

BATTLE OF MESSINES.

ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THE long-expected British offensive in Flanders has been launched at last, and has resulted in one of the most signal defeats the Germans have yet sustained in the war. The Wytschaete salient has been wiped off the map of the French front, and the villages of Wytschaete and Messines have literally been wiped out of existence.

Signal as is the victory attained, our satisfaction in the results is immensely increased by the news Sir Douglas Haig has been able to send us that our losses have been comparatively light. For this thanks are due in a especial degree to General Plumer, whose preparations for the attack provided the Germans with one of the biggest surprises of the campaign, and were carried through with a smoothness beyond all praise.

Evidence of the care with which every detail was worked out in advance is afforded by one simple fact mentioned in one of the London newspapers. Before the attack on the Vimy Ridge was launched a small model of the battle area, about the size of a billiard table, was prepared, and was open for the inspection of officers in charge of the operations. For the attack on the Wytschaete salient General Plumer caused to be prepared a model four times the size of a tennis court, showing buildings, trees, and every configuration of the ground to the smallest particular.

What Kept Down the Casualties.

Everyone knows now that the infantry attack was preceded by the firing of mines on a scale never before approached. The Messines Ridge itself, which is to this part of the front very much what the Vimy Ridge was to the Arras sector, was practically obliterated and blown into the skies. The dull reverberations of the explosion were even heard in London, one hundred and fifty miles away, and were listened to, amongst others, by the Prime Minister from his house at Walton Heath.

We shall probably not be far wrong in assuming that this gigantic explosion did not a little to keep down the number of our casualties. Even our own men massed for the attack were dazed and stunned by the sheets of flame which shot up into the air and by the frightful crashing of the explosions. The mines, crammed with explosives, had been in course of preparation for months, and the fact that they were not discovered by the Germans can only be explained by the depth at which the tunnels were driven.

Such a prelude was eminently calculated to occasion temporary demoralisation to the enemy. Our men swept over the advance trenches over a front of nine miles, and, pressing on to the village of Oostaverne and beyond, straightened out our line all the way from Zillebeke to Ploegsteert Wood. They then stopped, not because they could not go further, but because this new line represented the immediate military objective of the attack.

One uses the word "immediate" advisedly, for no one imagines that the new offensive will stop here. Already, however, the very notable result has been achieved. The ground taken was that from which for more than two years the Germans have shelled the Ypres salient and taken from his outpost of the British line a daily toll of precious lives.

Having achieved all that he set out to accomplish on the first day, General Plumer set himself to consolidate the ground won. The Germans were not taken by surprise. They had known for a long time that an offensive in this sector was to be looked for. Von Hindenburg had accordingly concentrated great reserves behind the German front line, so that counter-attacks might instantly be launched if the German front positions were lost. The extent of the demoralisation suffered by the enemy may be gauged from the fact that this counter-attack was not launched until many hours after the British had taken the Wytschaete salient. All through Thursday night and the whole of Friday the British were left in undisturbed possession of the ground, except for violent artillery shelling.

Failure of the Counter-Attacks.

According to Sir Douglas Haig's official despatch issued this afternoon, the expected counter-attack came off at seven o'clock on Friday evening. Nearly the whole of our new front was assailed, the attack being delivered with large forces composed of fresh divisions brought up from the enemy's reserves. But though pressed with great determination it was completely repulsed at all points under the destructive fire of our artillery and machine guns. By midnight the enemy's attack had broken down, with great loss, all along the line, and Sir Douglas Haig is able to announce that our troops "Retain possession of the whole of the ground captured by us since the commencement of the battle."

Over and above all this, Von Hindenburg has been given a sharp reminder of the growing weakness of his line on other portions of the Western front. Sir Douglas Haig records a whole series of attacks at various points north and south of the Souchez River, and the Germans are kept in a constant state of uncertainty as to where further blows may fall. From their own official communiques it would seem that they are expecting attacks in particular in the sectors nearer the coast, and even on the coast itself.

The success which has attended the British Army is all the more notable because Sir Douglas Haig had to adjust his plans to the changed situation produced by Russia's failure to co-operate in the East. There can be no doubt that but for the disorganisation of Petrograd following on the revolution our Eastern Ally by this time would be hurling her armies against the Germans in the East, and preventing that concentration of troops in the West which Von Hindenburg has found feasible only because no immediate danger threatens him on the Russian front.

But, despite all these advantages, despite the absence of all element of surprise, the Germans have been beaten in a square, even fight on ground of their own choosing, and we are justified in drawing the most favourable inferences from the result. It is not to be supposed that the British plans as yet are fully developed, but the same consideration which forbade any hint of what was impending in Flanders renders speculation on the subject inadvisable at the present moment.

The Allied Strategy.

We may form some estimate of the strategy Sir Douglas Haig is pursuing in this last great offensive in Flanders by a study of the events which have led up to it. The fighting of the last two months has eaten into the enemy's reserves to an extent which may yet have a vital influence on the future course of the war. Already it has brought to nought any idea that may have been entertained in Berlin of a great offensive against Italy or Russia.

Moreover, it has altered the entire position of the opposing armies in the Western theatre. At the beginning of the year the Germans in Champagne, along the Ancre, on the Somme, and even on the Arras front, had all the advantage of position.

They have that advantage no longer, and realising their weakness they have no choice but to maintain in all these sectors a great mass of infantry prepared at any moment to resist a clean break through by the Allies. Von Hindenburg may draw off divisions from the Russian front, but his line in the West has been so weakened by the Allied attacks that it can only be held now by a very big concentration of troops along the entire front from Arras to the Champagne.

This aspect of the situation, created by the masterly strategy the Allies have pursued, has not hitherto received all the attention it deserves. The Germans have claimed victories where they actually sustained defeats, because they assumed, or affected to assume, that the Allied purpose was to effect a clean break through.

There was no break through, but the Germans no longer occupy positions of such enormous strength that they can be relied upon to hold up any determined French or British thrust until such time as a big concentration can be effected to stem the advance and prevent that break through of which the Germans now stand in such obvious dread.

Every extension of the fighting area tends, therefore, to increase Von Hindenburg's embarrassments. So long as the Vimy Ridge held firm the Somme positions were maintained, and the line of defences along the Aisne remained intact, the German Higher Command could regard these sectors as relatively safe, and felt under no compulsion to immobilise large forces for their defence.

The position now is very different. Practically all the way from Lens to Champagne the Allied armies are up against what has come to be known as the Hindenburg line, and so far as we are aware this is the last serious defensive position which confronts us anywhere between the ground we now occupy and the line of the Meuse.

Even though, therefore, there may be a temporary suspension of activity in these areas, Von Hindenburg's anxieties in regard to them are very far from being ended. The fighting may extend northward, but whilst Von Hindenburg's attention should properly be concentrated entirely on such new points of attack as may be selected, he must always be casting anxious glances sideways at the old sectors where his armies have been driven back on their last line of defence,

ELGIN OFFICER HEROES.

Mr Peter Dow, Mayne Road, Elgin, headmaster of the West End School, Elgin, has received information that his second son, Second-Lieutenant David Edward Dow, Seaforths, was wounded on the 16th May, and died the next day. He was a keen sportsman, being a member of the Elgin City F.C.

About the same time Mr Dow was informed that his son, Second-Lieutenant Donald J. Dow, Seaforths, had been awarded the Military Cross for bravery on the 9th April, when he took command of his company in the attack at the Battle of Arras.

Lieutenant Dow was presented with his Cross at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, 23d May.

HUNS THREATEN TO REVOLT

IF CONQUERED TERRITORY IS NOT RETAINED.

LATEST EXTRACTS FROM THE GERMAN PRESS.

(Specially Contributed.)

From the latest German papers we can see clearly how Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is being harassed by the opposing parties in the Reichstag. Whilst Scheidemann threatens a revolution if the policy of peace without annexation and indemnity is not adopted, the Berliner Tageblatt publishes an open letter to the Chancellor by a member of the opposition party, who declares that the army will revolt if the conquered territory is not retained.

Since both parties threaten a revolution, the Kaiser seems to be between the devil and the deep sea, and Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has the thankless task of protecting him.

Herr Freiherr von Bodelschwingh thus addresses the Chancellor—"Your Excellency is opposed to the thought of claiming Belgium as German territory, afid this is causing serious discontent in the army. I have conversed about this question with people of all classes, and everywhere I was told—'If we give up Belgium there will be a——' I do not care to place the threatening word in print, but Your Excellency will guess it. If we do not keep what we have conquered, then the love and trust of the nation for the House of Hohenzollern will receive the greatest shock, and the State Chancellor will bear the responsibility."

The Kaiser Reviews His Troops.

The Kaiser has been with his troops in the West for a few days, and this morning I saw him among his soldiers on the Aisne. Immediately after seven o'clock the regiments on the wide plain stand in the form of a horse shoe; towards eight o'clock several motor cars appear without blowing their horns. With elastic step the Kaiser approaches the gathered officers, then the "Hurrah" of the soldiers burst forth.

The Kaiser walks with a serious face accompanied by stirring music right down the front, lightly supporting himself on his interim Field-Marshal's baton. Behind him his eldest son, the Crown Prince, in the uniform of the Oelser Hunters. He is beaming and very sunburnt. The Imperial standards are carried behind fluttering in the breeze. This solemn walk lasts for about a quarter of an hour, and with deeply serious eye the Kaiser gazes at the faces of his soldiers, then he steps into the middle of the field. He speaks for about ten minutes. His voice is much lower than is usual with him. He is visibly much moved, and the first words which are intelligible are, "With moved heart, the thanks of the Kaiser and the thanks of the whole Fatherland." Now his voice regains its old firm sound, but the noise of the engines of the numerous aeroplanes swallow up the end of his speech, and it is only with difficulty that we make out these words:—"The decisive battle lies before us, and the end is near. You will help, as you have helped me up till now, for you remember what you are fighting for—for the future of your children and your grandchildren; for the future of our beloved Fatherland."

The Commander-in-Chief answered with a "Hoch" for His Majesty. The soldiers responded, and it sounded like a promise of loyalty; then "Heil Dir im Siegerkrang" was sung, accompanied by half a dozen military bands, after which the Iron Crosses were divided out. Then a review of the troops took place. More than once the Kaiser bows to the passing troops; he knows what these regiments have gone through during the last terrible weeks. I saw the Kaiser and the Crown Prince driving through several of the French towns, where they were received with great enthusiasm by the troops, and even little French girls, on hearing that "Le Kaiser" was coming, turned out in bright dresses to see him pass. —Berliner Tageblatt.

Britain's Master.

The German Government are still buoying up the courage of the nation by highly imaginative accounts of the hardships and privations Britain is suffering, and of the disastrous effect of their "invincible" U boats. Long pages in the latest papers are devoted to all sorts of untruths. "Britain has lost her sea power. Not only have her food supplies been stopped, but her coal production is threatened with cessation, because the cargoes of wood for building shafts, &c., are as good as cut off. Already it is reported that many British coal mines have ceased working. Britain has found her master. The U boats are making an end to all her proud dreams of ruling the oceans, and we can already calculate when Britain will be forced to give in."—Leipziger Neueshe Nachrichten.

Shocking Juvenile Depravity.

The terrible atrocities performed by the barbarian Huns during this war are beginning to bear fruit in a way which they did not expect. People who glorify men like the murderers of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt must be prepared for the influence such teachings are bound to have on the minds of children.

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes a long article dealing with the terrible increase of crimes and murders by boys from fifteen to seventeen. "The murders committed by youths have lately increased most alarmingly. Almost all the great crimes in Berlin during the last few months have been committed by mere boys. It is indeed surprising with what cold-blooded foresight the plans of these young people have been made.

A particularly shocking murder came to light yesterday. A boy of eighteen, aided by a friend of only thirteen years, wished to break into the house of their master, a barber, and in order to do so more at their ease they decided to kill the other assistant, a youth of fifteen, and actually performed this terrible deed with a hammer. They escaped with their booty, but when the murdered boy was found they were arrested, and are now in prison awaiting trial.

SCANDAL OF THE TRAITOR PRINCES' BILL.

HIDDEN INFLUENCES STILL AT WORK FOOLING THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

BY C. O'MAHONEY.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

SOME months ago a Bill depriving enemy Princes of their British titles passed the House of Commons. In other words, the elected representatives of the people decided to end the scandal of Germans being allowed to retain their membership of the House of Lords.

Before that Bill could become law, however, it had to be approved by the Upper Chamber, but when it was presented to the Peers for endorsement an extraordinary thing happened. Instead of immediately and unanimously passing it, the House indulged in a profitless debate initiated by certain cranks, and, thanks to half-hearted Government support, the measure was eventually handed over to a committee, which has only just "reported progress." At this rate it is hard to say how long it will take to place the Bill upon the Statute Book, and it is even conceivable we may witness the spectacle of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale — what a title to be borne by a German just now!—recording their votes upon it.

One naturally wonders if this is part of an organised attempt to defeat the wishes of the democracy. Have these German traitors friends in high places in London? Is there in reality a Hidden Hand? Lord Courtney, of Penwith, who strongly disapproves of the Enemy Princes' Titles Bill, is an old man who represents nobody, but Lord Bryce, who was chairman of the Commission that drew up the report of German atrocities which horrified the world, is on a different level. His speech in opposition to the Bill was specially reprinted by the Germans, and circulated throughout the world as proof positive that his Lordship does not believe in the stories of Hun ill-treatment of women and children and prisoners, and I personally cannot blame the neutral who, having read that speech, as well as Lord Bryce's preface to his Commission's indictment of the Huns, asks himself if the British nation consists of fools and hypocrites.

The conduct of the Germans has placed them outside the pale of civilisation. They are not fit to associate with human beings any longer. The Lusitania crime, the horrors of Wittenberg, the starvation and murder of helpless prisoners, the bombing of women and children, and the torpedoing of hospital ships—such a catalogue of crimes has never before disgraced the world. And yet the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who approved of all these outrages, remains a member of the House of Lords. Were he to appear at its portals to-day he would be entitled to enter before everyone except the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, and he could vote on questions affecting the well-being of the masses.

Treason and Insult.

The few persons who oppose the Bill declare that it is too small a matter to be worth troubling the House about. That is utter nonsense. All Peers of Parliament have to take oaths of fealty to the King. They have to swear to protect him against his enemies. Is an oath nothing? Is a solemn promise to be broken when it is convenient to do so? Can traitors excuse themselves by pleading an emergency? The fact that these Princes were not ignominiously expelled from the House of Lords the day war was declared constituted treason to the King, and an insult to every soldier and sailor.

"The House of Lords has no time for this measure," said Lord Courtney. Well, I have listened to recent Parliamentary debates on such vital and essential subjects as the drainage system of a West of Ireland town, and whether ice-cream shops ought to have automatic machines. And this in the third year of the great war, when our heroes are dying every day, and our prisoners are being tortured behind the German lines!

I do not suggest that either Lord Courtney or Lord Bryce is the mysterious "Hidden Hand" of which we have heard so much recently. They have not enough influence in the councils of the nation to be able to hold up a Bill which has been endorsed by the Commons. There are, however, influences at work holding the fort for the Germans to-day in London. And these influences, among other things, are keeping the Enemy Princes' Titles Bill off the statue-book.

It is significant that when the Allies' representatives were discussing after-the-war trade at the famous Paris conference, the well-known Berlin paper, Lokalanzeiger, should be in a position to state, "We do not fear the result of the conference, because we know that Germany has plenty of friends in England to-day who are working for us." That is frankness itself, and I am afraid it is only too true.

But the fact is that there are many members of the ruling classes who do not understand the temper of the country. The patriot who is daily suffering and making sacrifices because Germany started the war, wishes to have nothing to do with the Huns in the future. If he had his way not only would the enemy Princes be deprived of their peerages, but their British honours would be taken from them, and their thousands of compatriots, who are being pampered in internment camps and in comfortable homes on the coast, would be packed back to Hunland, and told to remain there for the rest of their lives. He also wants to have all certificates of naturalisation revised, as in France, and, in brief, he is desperately anxious that our wonderful army and invincible navy should not have fought in vain.

West-End 'Knut" and Prussian Bully.

Germans cannot be trusted. Take the case of Prince Albert, of Schleswig Holstein. He is not a Peer, but he holds the Grand Cross of the Bath and the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, and he will not be deprived of either under the Enemy Princes' Titles Bill, which has nothing to do with decorations. Prince Albert was educated at Charterhouse. Before the war he was a member of several West End clubs, and it was his proud boast that, although circumstances compelled him to give "Potsdam" as his official address, he was in all respects an Englishman. Elderly habitues of certain London clubs will not have forgotten his stories of the Kaiser, none of which flattered the arch-Hun; indeed, Prince Albert always ridiculed him.

Then came the war, and the Prince, as a German officer, had to fight on the side of the Huns. He did so willingly, for he is heir to an estate in Germany, and no doubt considered this an adequate excuse for turning against King George.

But it happened that the first appointment Prince Albert held was on the staff of the general in Berlin who had to deal with the housing of British prisoners of war. Here was an opportunity for a man to repay a little of the debt he owed Great Britain. He need not have injured Germany's interests in the slightest degree, and he could have saved many a gallant hero from brutality and death had he wished to.

Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, however, was too good an imitator of the "All-Highest" to behave like a gentleman, and he threw his influence into the scale against justice to the unlucky and the unfortunate. The one-time West End loafer changed into a Prussian bully, who endorsed every act of cruelty committed by the various prison camp commandants. The late American ambassador to Germany, Mr Gerard, whose name will ever live in history as a brave and brilliant diplomat, called personally at the headquarters of the Prison Board to plead for humane treatment of prisoners of war. He saw Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who cynically remarked that German prisoners in Britain were being treated worse. Imagine the Prussian, who had lived the greater part of his life in Britain, making such a statement! He must have known that he was lying. And this is the sort of man whom we are asked to forgive and to welcome back the moment peace is declared.

I say that the Enemy Princes' Titles Bill is only a half-measure. It ought to be amended at once so that all Huns who are fighting against us can be deprived of British decorations. Do the members of the Royal Victorian Order and the ancient Order of the Bath feel proud of the fact that a score of Huns belong to both? I have been told that a distinguished diplomat declined nomination to the Victorian Order because he would not permit his name to be associated with the sons of the Kaiser and numerous minor princelings of Germany who hold the decoration. Meanwhile, Sir Douglas Haig, Lord French, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Prince Eitel are fellow-members of the Royal Victorian Order and the Order of the Bath. Either these decorations are nonsensical and mean nothing, or else His Majesty's Ministers rate these honours so cheaply that they consider it is of no consequence that murderers should be able to sport them.

Pro-Germans Must Be Exposed.

Are enemy Princes to be allowed to style themselves Peers of Great Britain, and are middle-aged conscript Britons to be sent into the army, conscious that their businesses will be ruined because uninterned Germans are permitted to trade in the very heart of London and elsewhere, and reduce to poverty the families of our fighting men? It is so grotesque that foreigners cannot understand it.

I have visited internment camps in these isles, and I have been present at theatrical performances given by Hun prisoners. They have practically every luxury, yet their gratitude amply testifies to their origin. The oily and obese Prussian told me that the British were treating them well, because they knew that the Germans were going to win, and they wished to carry favour with them When I mentioned that Germans might find it difficult to trade with this country after the declaration of peace, he smiled in a superior manner, and expressed his confidence that German cheapness and British hypocrisy and greed would give the Hun his old supremacy in our markets. I wonder if he is right?

I hope that the people of this country will insist upon the Enemy Princes' Bill being passed into law, and that it will prove to be only the forerunner of special legislation which will result in every German being sent out of the country as soon as possible. Personally, I would like to see all the Allies agree not to allow a German or Austrian within their dominions for ten years, and not to trade with the subjects of Wilhelm II. and the Emperor Charles for a similar period.

But I fear that nothing will be done until we have discovered and exposed the little coterie of pro-Germans who are keeping Great Britain warm for their friends, and who want to see the sinkers of hospital ships and the torturers of wounded prisoners fraternising with us and helping to frame the laws of the realm when peace comes.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

"My poor little Vita! My poor darling!" Ruxton exclaimed. (A scene from a future instalment).

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a British Cabinet Minister.

Von Salzinger, the military governor of Germany's secret arsenal at Borga, helps to kidnap

Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love.

Prince Von Berger, an important German official, tells Von Salzinger that Vita has been condemned to death if her father—who has escaped from Germany on his secret being discovered—eludes capture.

Salzinger persuades Vita to write to her father, who is in hiding, explaining how he and Salzinger and Vita can escape to America out of the clutches of Germany's agents. The price to be paid for their safety is the sacrifice of Vita's love for Ruxton and her promise to marry Von Salzinger. Ruxton Farlow discovers that Vita and her father are planning to leave Britain, and decides to take measures to safeguard their going, and prevent treachery.

Acting on Salzinger's instructions, Vita escapes at midnight from her prison house, a motor car being in waiting.

The Week-End Begins.

VITA hurried towards the light. An overwhelming flood of gratitude and thankfulness swept over her. Von Salzinger was proving his loyalty. Every detail was working out as he had promised. Liberty and life. These were sweet enough. And even the price lost something of its horror under her new emotion.

The car was a large one. It carried three great headlights. The chauffeur was at his wheel, and the purr of the running engines was music to her ears. The door stood wide open, and, without demur, without word, or a single qualm of fear, she stepped within and closed it after her. Instantly the car rolled away.

A figure moved from the dark window of the unlit lodge. It crossed the little room and stood against the wall. Then a groping hand pressed a button, and in the great hall of the mansion the peal of an electric bell rang out.

. . . . . .

The week-end party had gathered. Saturday had been spent by the three principal guests under Ruxton and his father's guidance at the yards. But Ruxton had been an unimportant member of the party for the moment. Here in the great works Sir Andrew stood supreme. His was the chief control. His was the genius of organisation. And to him these men, Sir Joseph Caistor, Sir Reginald Steele, and the Marquis of Lordburgh, looked for their information upon the new constructions.

It had been a day to remember for Sir Andrew. These brilliant technical men were exacting. Their trained, searching minds displayed a wonderful grasp of detail. There seemed to be no point too small for their consideration. Thus the day had to be entirely given up to them.

Ruxton stood aloof. His thoughts and energies were concentrated elsewhere. Frequently he absented himself for long stretches of time together. Nor was it until their naval guests had satisfied their desire to study the new constructions that he became a factor in the day's affairs.

It was after the drive back to Dorby Towers that he slipped into the arena of affairs. It occurred while tea was served in the library. He drew Sir Joseph Caistor and Sir Reginald away from the rest of the party, and held a long private consultation with them.

The result of the consultation was the complete disappearance of Ruxton before dinner. He came into his father's room while the shipmaster was in the midst of dressing.

"They've met me in everything, Dad, and now I'm off," he announced.

The abruptness of his announcement and the unceremonious fashion of his visit caused his father to pause in the act of adjusting his tie. He glanced up into the dark eyes. He needed no added scrutiny. Ruxton's eyes were shining with suppressed excitement. The smile in them was confident, and the set of his jaws told of a determination that was almost aggressive.

"When shall we see you again, boy?"

There was a gleam of anxiety in the deepest eyes. But there was no suggestion of deterring him.

Ruxton shrugged.

"I can't tell. You see, it will depend entirely on circumstances."

"Yes."

His father returned to the attack on his tie. Then he smiled.

"It was a master stroke having the two heads of the Admiralty on the premises, also our Foreign Secretary. You left nothing to chance, Ruxton."

"Nothing but the chances of the right or wrong to my beliefs."

The old man sighed as his tie went straight.

"Your imagination is beyond me. I could never have seen these things as you see them. I am anxious for you."

"Don't trouble about me. Be anxious if you will, but let that anxiety be for the woman I love, and whom I hope even after this to present to you as your daughter. If she is safe, then—for me nothing else matters. I have done all that is humanly possible, at least which is possible to me. The rest is in the lap of the gods. Wish me luck, Dad, and good-bye."

He held out his hand. In a moment it was enveloped in both of his father's.

"With all my heart, lad. Good-bye. You will win out, I'm sure."

Sunday dawned with a clouded, watery sky. All the morning the threat of rain held. Then, at lunch-time, a wind sprang out of the north-east, and the atmosphere grew dry and crisp, and the clouds lightened. The grey North Sea changed its hue to a lighter green, and at long intervals white caps broke up the oily aspect. The breeze had freshened by three o'clock and a chill swept over the moorlands, and the feel and aspect of winter settled upon the dull-tinted landscape. As evening began to close in the breeze dropped, and with it fell the temperature.

Two figures paced the winding footpath at the edge of the cliffs. Both were clad in heavy civilian ulsters, and their coat-collars sheltered the lower portions of their clean-shaven faces. In their shaded eyes was that far-off gaze which is only to be found in the eyes of men of the sea.

Sir Reginald Steele paused and pointed out at the already darkening horizon.

"What a target," he cried. "Look at her, with her absurdly proud and vaunting four funnels. Look at the great upstanding chest like some vain pouter-pigeon. Man, give me an armoured submarine, with a brace of heavy guns on it, and wirelessly controlled torpedoes, and I'd—sink her cold. I'd sink her before she got my range. I'd sink her while she fumbled amongst her cumbersome armaments."

He laughed the merry laugh of a man who wishes to probe the open wound of disagreement between two close friends.

"You're welcome to the submarine, Reggie. I'll take the 'pouter' every time. I'll give you a dozen shots with your wireless controlled as a start, and your pop-guns can amuse themselves indefinitely."

Both men were smiling pleasantly as they watched the distant cruiser steaming slowly and sedately upon the wintry waters. The challenge had been replied to, and neither of the men seemed inclined to carry the debate further. Admiral Sir Reginald Steele had hurled every argument in favour of his submarine beliefs at the head of his friend and chief, during official hours, and they had agreed to differ. Now, in friendly intercourse, he was ready to add his pin-pricks, but he knew there was nothing seriously to be gained.

"The Farlows are smart men," he observed presently, obviously following out his train of thought aloud. "The old man is something unusual in the way of a shipmaster. One doesn't associate these shipping princes with real understanding of naval force. But once or twice yesterday I thought there were things he could teach me."

"Yes."

Sir Joseph was intent upon the movements of the cruiser. She had displayed no lights and the dusk was creeping on.

"I suppose it is the old man who is the genius of Dorby. What about young Ruxton? Harborough is keen on him. So is Lordburgh. I confess to a weakness that way myself. That was a great stroke of his, getting the secrets of that place in the Baltic. Apparently there's someone also who shares your faith in—underwater."

Sir Reginald had become absorbed in the horizon. He produced a pair of glasses and peered out in the gathering gloom.

"All far-seeing people do. These Farlows for instance," he replied. "What's that beyond the cruiser? She's low in the water."

Sir Joseph produced glasses. For some silent minutes they remained scouring the sea with eyes long trained to the work. Finally it was Sir Joseph who spoke.

"You should recognise it," he said.

"Yes. Underwater, and—a foreigner."

They relapsed into a long silence. The stars came out and a light frost was settling upon the moor. The air was brilliantly clear. Their glasses revealed the two distant objects.

"She's hove to," observed Sir Reginald later on.

"The cruiser—yes. That's a mistake."

Sir Joseph made a sound of impatience with his tongue.

Again a prolonged silence fell. Both men were absorbed. The passage of time seemed of no consequence. The cold of the night seemed not to concern them at all.

"I don't know," Steele said much later, in answer to his chief's remark. "You can't tell what's doing from here. Nor what arrangements young Farlow has made. Ah!"

"Lights" Sir Joseph waited.

"Green astern. White ahead. Red amidships. The foreigner has shed a pinnace. It's coming ashore. It's getting interesting. That boy seemed pretty clear. I hope things are all right."

The boat was racing towards the shore at a point to the right of the two watchers. Sir Reginald was following it closely with his night glasses. The other continued his survey of the vessels beyond.

Presently he spoke.

"She's steaming again—the cruiser."

"Yes." The other's glasses were raised towards the horizon again.

"She's covered the foreigner's lights." Sir Joseph lowered his glasses. "What's the time?" His companion lowered his glasses. He glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Nearly half-past six," he said significantly. Then in a moment his glasses were levelled at a point much nearer into land.

"Ah, here she comes," he said, in his quick way. "Now the play begins. The curtain's going up. No lights. A good many regulations are being broken to-night. Shall we need an inquiry into it, Chief?" Sir Reginald laughed. "Well, Lordburgh is to blame if any trouble occurs. He forced us to lend our powerful aid in this thing. The odds are on that boy Ruxton. I'd bet my hopes of pension on it. He's keen and confident. Such romance never came our way, eh? I haven't heard before of units of the British Navy being used to secure a man a wife."

Sir Joseph laughed shortly.

"There's a good deal more than a woman in this. According to Lordburgh this trifling naval episode may secure the person of Germany's strong man—criminally engaged. It would be worth while. Sparling's a good man. If they pull it off it'll be his best day's work. Hello!"

At that moment a great white beam of light shot athwart the sky. It moved swiftly and rigidly. It swept in a great arc, and settled on the face of the cliff away to their right.

"Look. Three lights just below us." Sir Reginald pointed out upon the water. "Green astern. White ahead. Red amidships. It isn't the foreigner from outside. It's——"

"Hark!" Sir Joseph held up a warning hand.

The two men listened acutely. Far away, remote but distinct, the sound of a pistol shot reached them.

"That's the second," said Sir Joseph. "Come along, let's go and see what's happening."

The Week-End.

Prince von Hertzwohl gazed about him. His tall figure was bowed. He was no longer clad in the working costume which had been his disguise for so many days in Dorby. His lean face was shaded beneath a wide, soft-brimmed hat which entirely concealed that wonderful forehead which had so impressed Ruxton. But the shaven cheeks added years to his age.

The cold breath of the moor swept by him; it penetrated the lightish overcoat he was wearing. Once or twice he shivered as he gazed this way and that, searching the already hazy skyline for a sign of any movement.

For some time he seemed in doubt. Then at last he drew towards the black shelter of the old mill, which stood out in the grey light, keeping its ancient watch over the cove below. He glanced within its shadowed interior. It was inhospitable. But it was as he had always known it. Everything was undisturbed. He drew his coat about him, and buttoned it up. The air was so keen, and he had little relish for it. Presently he sat down upon a fallen timber under the shelter of the wall. He must wait. Nothing could be done until the arrival he was expecting.

He lit a cigar and sought comfort in it from the bleak northern air. His thoughtful eyes wandered in every direction his shelter permitted.

The minutes passed slowly, slowly, as they ever pass to the anxious mind. But the dark of evening gathered with all the rapidity of early winter.

. . . . . .

The long journey was drawing to its close. Long since, the great North Road had been left behind. Now the powerful car swept along, with its monotonous purr, over the winding coast road, which split the wide-spreading moorland, and headed on in the teeth of the bitter north-easterly breeze.

The chill penetrated to the snug interior of the car. Vita was forced to draw the heavy overcoat more closely about her. She shivered, but it was not with the actual cold. Her thoughts were a-riot. They were full of an intense and painful dread.

She had made the journey north in the company of the man whom she knew she was now condemned to marry—condemned beyond reprieve. The only gleam of light which had struggled through the darkness of her despair was that he had spared her his company in the car. He had dismissed the driver of the car at Bath, and taken upon himself that duty. Thus Vita had been spared an added torture to the desperate feelings assailing her.

She had no thought of revolt. She felt that destiny loomed before her in overwhelming force. Escape had no place in her thought. She had entered into a contract. A sordid contract, she felt.

But during the journey, in communion with her own wretched thoughts, she had searched the future as only vivid imagination permitted, and the picture she had discovered was perhaps a thousandfold more dreadful than her earlier anticipations. To think of the right she had given that square, fleshy figure sitting before her beyond the glass partition of the car! The right to control her destiny; to be always near her, to—caress her. And all the while another image lay treasured in her heart, another voice was always in her ears, another hand lay in hers, and other lips—— It was beyond endurance—the thought. To think that way lay madness. Her eyes grew haggard with dry tears.

So the miles had been devoured by the senseless, softly droning wheels. Merciless wheels they became. Nothing could stop them, nothing could deter the progress towards that maelstrom of horror in the direction of which she was gliding.

Then came the familiar breath of the Yorkshire moorlands. She remembered it. Every aspect of the scene about her. It was not possible for it to be otherwise. She writhed under the lash of memory. Was it not here she had first looked down upon the prone figure and upward-glancing dark eyes of Ruxton Farlow?

The grey of evening filled the car, and somehow Vita was glad of it. She felt she could hide her worthless self beneath it. The moorland scene faded, and the great dark gorse banks merged into one blackening world. Then, directly ahead, the aged landmark of the skeleton mill rose sharply out of the dusk.

Her pulses quickened. The journey was at its end. Her father would be there awaiting her, and she must face those wide, understanding eyes as she told him the story of her cowardly yielding. She shrank further into the corner. She knew the fearless spirit of the man, and she dreaded his contempt. The secret of her contract with the man driving the car was still her own, but in a few minutes it must be revealed to one whose contempt would deal the final crushing blow.

She nerved herself as the car drew up. Then with ashen lips and frightened eyes she became aware of a tall, lean figure standing out against the skyline.

She waited for no assistance. She flung the door wide, and in a moment she was enfolded in her father's embrace.

But she dared not yield to the joy of reunion. She freed herself, and began to talk.

She poured out the story of the machinations, in the toils of which they had been caught. She told him the story of the jeopardy in which he stood; of the power which had been transferred from Berlin to bring about his final destruction. She told him of the death sentence which had been passed upon her by the terrible Von Berger, and how, in the last moment of her despair, succour had been proffered in the last quarter from which it could have reasonably been expected. And then came the story of her pledge.

To the long story the old man listened with the closest attention. He gave no sign, he offered no interruption. At its conclusion Vita paused, breathlessly awaiting the verdict in the man's luminous eyes.

The Prince stood for a moment, his eyes gazing past her at the sides of the travel-stained car. Then one long, thin hand went up to his forehead, and his soft hat was thrust back on his head. The hand pressed down upon his brows, and moved across them, as though brushing aside some sense of weariness. His eyes shifted their gaze towards the man standing near the car. They took in the square, burly figure from the crown of its hat to the soles of its feet. Then they came back to Vita, and the smile in them suggested a final sympathetic decision overriding the natural antagonistic feelings towards the man whom he looked upon as his enemy.

"Where is he—Von Salzinger?" he demanded.

Vita caught her breath. It was the crisis.

"Here, father. He drove the car."

The Prince's eyes again sought the man. Then he spoke, and the tone of his voice eased the woman's tension.

"You have done me a service, Herr von Salzinger. A service I could hardly have looked for. It is to be paid for, I understand, and the price is high. However, the risks you have taken, the sacrifices you have made are doubtless great, from your point of view. Therefore I can only—thank you. Come. The vessel should be lying off by this time. What will you do with the car?"

Von Salzinger stepped forward. The night was dark, and it was impossible to observe the expression of his face.

"The car can remain. It is—not mine."

The Prince inclined his head.

"Then we will go down to the cove. Vita!"

. . . . . .

A man stood in the steel doorway of the clumsy tower which supported a pair of periscopes. The vessel was an early type of submarine. It was crude in finish and severe in fashion. Its flush deck was narrow, and a mere rail protected its sides.

His attention seemed divided between a group of men in oilskins engaged in launching a motor pinnace and the movements of a war-craft standing off some distance astern.

Night was closing upon an oily sea, which lolled in listless fashion beneath the starry sheen of a now almost windless evening. The threatened "north-easter" which had been developing all the afternoon had suddenly died out under the influence of a sharp frost.

The stone-grey eyes of the man were no less keen than the bitter air. Nor were they less watchful than the peeping stars already beginning to stud the sky.

There was the sound of footsteps behind him coming up the steel companion, and in a moment he was joined by a man in oilskins. The latter were carelessly adjusted about the neck, and from beneath them peeped the details of a uniform which was foreign to the coast off which the vessel was lying.

The newcomer joined in the survey of the war-craft's dim outline against the horizon.

"She's not there by chance, Excellency," he said warningly, in the deep guttural of the Teutonic language.

For some moments the other made no reply. His eyes were upon the men at work. The boat was launched, and the engine was being started.

"No," he said at last. Then his eyes came sharply to the other's face. "You have had to take big chances in your time. You've got to take a greater chance now. This is not war."

"No, Excellency. This is peace." The man laughed deep-throatedly.

"That is why the warship does not matter. She will not break the peace, and we are beyond the home-water limit. We are free to do as we please."

"And yet she is watching us. It interests me what she intends. Those British naval men are a different race from those ashore. They will do as they think, in spite of—peace."

"Yes." There was a speculative look in the stone-grey eyes.

Finally he gave his whole attention to the man on deck. He seemed to have put all speculation aside.

"Von Hertzwohl's submersible will be along soon now. We shall see her lights. She will carry lights. She must do so for the shore boat. You have your orders."

"Yes, Excellency. When you have left this boat the other will be prepared. I shall take a party and board Hertzwohl's vessel, and make myself master of her. Meanwhile, this vessel will lie off with lights out, standing by in case of accidents to bring you up. If all goes well you will return from shore and come aboard Von Hertzwohl's vessel. Instantly she will submerge and lay a course for Heligoland Bight. It is clear, and should be simple."

"It should be simple. Hertzwohl's vessel must go back with us. She has the finest lamp on her." The grey eyes were turned questioningly in the direction where the war vessel was lying. The darkness had come such that its outline was scarcely visible. Then he went on. "This vessel will follow us to the Bight. Ha! He thrust out a pointing hand. "The lights. Red. Green. White." He turned again, and his eyes were hard and stern in the light of the conning tower—"Make no mistakes. Your orders to—the letter."

"Yes, Excellency."

Both men moved off down the gently swaying deck towards the break in the rail where the pinnace, with its complement of four men, was waiting. The man with the stone-grey eyes leapt into the boat. The next moment its crew had cast off, and its head had been swung round shorewards in response to the race of its powerful motor.

Suddenly a great beam of light shot athwart the sky. It lowered slowly, and a moment later, it fell upon the submarine, on the deck of which a number of men had replaced those which had just left. For a moment the officer in charge of them looked up, and his eyes were caught in the dazzle of the blinding light. Then the light was raised and swept away landwards. It described a great arc and fell upon the shore. A moment later it was withdrawn. Again it settled upon the submarine.

The officer waited for it to pass. A look of deep anxiety began to fill his eyes. He was thinking of his orders, and of the man who had given them. But the light remained focussed full upon his deck, and presently it dawned upon him that the warship was steaming, steaming slowly and almost noiselessly towards him. A feeling of impotence took hold of him. He thought of the torpedo tubes, but the thought passed, thrust aside with an impatient remembrance that it was peace and—not war. His impotence grew. He could only stand there helpless.

The great vessel came on slowly, slowly. Soon its outline became clear, even in the darkness. The silent threat became unnerving. The officer ordered his men to desist from their work. The vessel drew abreast. Then she hove-to. But the terrible glare of the searchlight remained full upon the long, narrow deck upon which the officer stood.

His eyes sought for a sign. But the blinding light held him. He could see nothing. Just a shadowy, sombre hull. The great guns were not visible to him in the painful light.

There was no alternative. He turned to the conning tower and his men were seen below. The next moment the engines were at work, and the vessel submerged. Minutes later a swirl of water a quarter of a mile distant, and a great bulk rose to the surface out of the watery depths. The steel door of the conning tower opened again, and the officer looked out. The beam of light from the war vessel was gliding over the lolling surface of the water. It was moving towards him slowly, as though searching carefully. Again his vessel was caught in the silvery shaft. Again it held. Again the great vessel began to move towards him.

With a bitter oath the officer turned back into the conning tower and slammed to the heavy steel door.

Stirring incidents are described in next week's instalment. Don't miss it.

THE ELECTRIC CURE IS POPULAR

As Pleasant As It Is Effective

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made, no doubt, for commercial purposes), or a shocking current which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconvenience.

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout, the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, or Neuralgia, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of "Glasgow Post" which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be gained. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 115), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and you will receive by return of post the most valuable book ever published on the subject, together with full information concerning the treatment.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

dy Seton.

Lafayette.

This is a photo of Lady Bruce Seton, whose husband, Colonel Sir Bruce Gordon Seton, has received the Order of the Bath. A Deputy Director - General of the Indian Medical Service, the colonel has red prominently in several of the Indian tier wars. Lady Seton is taking an ve part in war work on Lochfyneside, re she is a popular figure.

e of Tommy's Friends.

Irs Dudgeon of Cargen, the accomplished of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, is indefatigable war worker. She estab- d a convalescent hospital for soldiers in old Drill Hall at Maxwelltown, with 26 , and some time later she secured the nsion-house of Broomlands and converted lso into a hospital, with accommodation eighty patients. Mrs Dudgeon, who also organised outdoor fetes and days for Red Cross funds, had a killed in the Boer War. The two who ive are Colonel Robert Dudgeon, now he Warwickshires, who was awarded the nch Legion of Honour, the Military , and has been mentioned in de- tches, and Major Randolph Dudgeon, was severely wounded in France in

Knight Surgeon.

Lafayette.

Glasgow is justly proud of its new Knight, Surgeon-Professor T. Kennedy Dalziel, whose skill in the operating theatre has gained for him a deserved reputation. He is a Dumfries man, who studied experimental surgery and pathology at Vienna. e professor has a fine breezy manner and ympathetic touch which gives heart and rage to the patient. At present he holds rank of lieutenant-colonel of the à la te staff at No. 3 General Hospital, Stob-

aintaining the Family Record.

Those who know anything of the thrilling tory of "Lumsden of the Guides," and important part he played in Indian erations, are not surprised that the re- rkable record of the well-known Aber- nshire family is being so well main- ned. During the past week no fewer n three of its members have appeared in honours lists. Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. msden, Royal Scots, has received the tinguished Service Order, and his ther, Captain Harry Basil Lumsden, of same regiment, the Military Cross. h are sons of Mr J. F. Lumsden, advo- , Aberdeen. The brother-in-law of e young officers, Brigadier-General J. Salmond, D.S.O., has received the her honour of C.M.G.

Soldier, Freemason, and Sportsman.

The announcement that the Military Cross had been conferred on Quartermaster and Hon. Lieutenant Walter Langrish, the Cameronians, has been received with gratification in Hamilton. Lieutenant Langrish, prior to the war, had been for nearly a quarter of a century attached to Hamilton Barracks. There he was well known in Masonic circles, being Secretary and R.W.M. in turn of the Military Lodge, while in his younger days he excelled as a footballer and cricketer.

Honours for Rugby Internationalist.

Second - Lieut. Andrew Wemyss, Royal Scots, who has been awarded the Military Cross, is the well-known Scottish Rugby Internationalist, being capped in 1914 against Wales and Ireland. This is his second military honour, as a few weeks ago he received the Italian silver medal for military valour. He is a native of Galashiels, but has spent most of his days in Haddington. Lieutenant Wemyss has been wounded four times, and recently lost his right eye.

Padre's Romantic Wedding.

I am sure that habitues of Highland gatherings all over Scotland will not fail to recognise the name of the Rev. C. N. A. M'Eachern, parish minister, Tighnabruaich, Kyles of Bute, who is to be married this month at Malta to Miss Amy Jenkins, the daughter of a well-known merchant in the citadel of the Mediterranean. Mr M'Eachern met his bride under circumstances dear to a romantic novelist's heart, as Miss Jenkins introduced herself to the bridegroom by rescuing him from a watery grave. The wedding is arousing the greatest interest, I hear, among the Scots element in the island, and we willingly join with them in wishing the happy pair the best of good luck.

The Hon. Mrs Hope.

Among ladies in the East of Scotland, no one is more enthusiastic in war work than the Hon. Mrs Hope, a daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and the wife of Colonel J. A. Hope, who as M.P. for Midlothian. She has been taking a special interest in her friend, Lady Elphinstone's, Hospice at Musselburgh for discharged and disabled soldiers.

A Veteran County Judge.

Forfarshire has secured a real veteran for the Sheriffdom in the person of Mr J. M. Lees, K.C. The new Sheriff has lived long and seen service. He is four years over the three score years and ten, and has been either Sheriff or Sheriff-Substitute in one-third of the Scottish counties. He carries his years well. On the bench he strikes one as the embodiment of vitality. His reception at Dundee and Forfar this week was gratifying, and lawyers and litigants alike will be pleased to have their business entrusted to one so experienced. Forfarshire Sheriffship is a plum, and Mr Lees follows in the wake of illustrious predecessors—to name only two, the late Mr J. Comrie Thomson and Mr Henry Johnston, a Judge of the Inner House.

Author and Globe-Trotter.

Professor Charles Gourlay, of the Glasgow Royal Technical College, has once again demonstrated his versatility by a clever and successful essay in professional authorship. His new work, which deals with "The Italian Orders of Architecture," has been enthusiastically received by the critics who know about these things. The professor is a native of Edinburgh, but served his apprenticeship as an architect in Glasgow. He is an inveterate globe-trotter, having gone over most of the areas in our far-flung war zone.

"For the Duration."

But for the war, my good friend, Superintendent Pennie, of Airdrie, would have completed this week his term of service with the police force. The genial superintendent, however like the brave boys at the front, is, so to speak, signed on for "the duration" He has seen many stirring episodes in his long and honourable career in the "Black County," and his services were specially recognised by the award of the King's Medal a few years ago. Superintendent Pennie has three sons serving King and country, and one of them, Corporal Pennie, has just returned from Macedonia to take up a commission.

Talented Edinburgh Lady.

Lafayette.

The musical and artistic talents of Miss Margaret M. Kirk are well known to the people of Edinburgh. Since the outbreak of hostilities Miss Kirk has organised, produced, and appeared in several pageants which have raised considerable sums for war purposes. She is a daughter of the Rev. John Kirk, of Edinburgh. As organising secretary of the Edinburgh and Lothians District Union of the B.W.T.A. her work has proved signally successful.

A Token of Gratitude.

In recognition of his great kindness and many services rendered in connection with the welfare of Belgian refugees in Glasgow Lord Provost Sir Thomas Dunlop, Bart., has been presented with an artistically carved oak casket. This beautiful piece of workmanship is the handiwork of two Belgian craftsmen. The lid of the article is particularly noteworthy, being formed of timber from the roof of the Glasgow Cathedral. Bailie Duncan Graham, the Senior Magistrate, made the presentation.

Clydebank's Loss—Whitehall's Gain.

Mr Thomas Bell, late managing director of Messrs John Brown & Co.'s, Ltd, Clydebank shipyard, who has been called up to Whitehall to be Vice-Admiral Sir Eric Geddes' right-hand man as Deputy Controller for Dockyards and Shipbuilding, is one of the most popular men in the "risingest" burgh. What he does not know about the construction, maintenance, alteration, and repair of all kinds and classes of ships is not worth knowing, and Clydebank plumps for him as one of the "finds" of the new Admiralty Department.

An Indefatigable Trio.

LADY LINDSAY. Lafayette.

Among the guests at the inauguration of the Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers by Princess Louise I saw Lady Lindsay, Mrs Bruce Milne, and Mrs Sadler, a trio of ladies who have not spared themselves to raise funds for the equipment of this splendid institution. Besides organising one of the most successful matinees ever held in Glasgow, Lady Lindsay has promoted numerous schemes that have proved veritable gold mines, and in this enterprise she has been ably supported by Mrs Sadler. By the way, Mrs Bruce Milne had a pleasant meeting the other day with her Kentucky friend, Miss Mary Anderson, the distinguished actress, with whom she studied under the famous dramatic teacher, John Norton.

MRS SADLER. Lafayette.

The Wild MacRaes.

The son of Colonel John MacRae Gilstrap of Ballimore, Argyll, and Keeper of Eallandonan Castle, whose marriage was so dramatically postponed owing to the bride developing chicken-pox, belongs to a family of historic renown. The fact is sometimes forgotten, through Colonel MacRae Gilstrap, the popular commander of the Black Watch, adding his wife's maiden name to his own in deference to the will of her uncle, the late Sir William Gilstrap of Farnham Park, Suffolk. Colonel MacRae Gilstrap is a brother of Captain Colin MacRae, who was formerly of the Black Watch, and who married Lord Bute's sister. The brothers descend from the "Wild MacRaes"—a sect that helped to keep things lively round about Kintail in days when Highlanders had nothing better to do than fight among themselves.

Clydesdale Captain's Gallantry.

His numerous friends were delighted to learn the other day of the award of the D.S.O. to Dr Dale Logan, the highly-popular captain of Clydesdale Cricket Club. Obtaining his commission in the R.A.M.C., Dr Logan left his practice at Newmains early in the war, and last November he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel. Some time ago the doctor narrowly escaped with his life in a heroic but ineffectual attempt to rescue two soldiers from drowning. Dr Logan, who is a native of Arbroath, is a son of a former minister of Newmains parish, the late Rev. George Logan, B.D.

Highland, and Proud of It!

The Rev. Dr John Maclean, who has just retired from the pastorate of St Columba Parish Church, Glasgow, after a faithful ministry extending over 27 years, is one of the best-known Highlanders in the Second City. It is, by the way, rather a coincidence that a namesake of this veteran minister, in the Rev. Alexander Maclean, Shettleston Parish Church, occupied a pew under the retiring pastor, and that both the old and the young Mr Maclean ministered in the Parish Church of Tarbet.

Well-Deserved Promotion.

There are still a few connected with the Aberdeen City Police Force who remember Superintendent William Grassick, Dumbarton, and they join in congratulating him on his appointment as Deputy Chief Constable of Dumbartonshire in room of the late Superintendent Paul M'Kay, Clydebank. Friends in the Stirlingshire Force, where he was before going to Dumbarton, will also rejoice at Deputy Chief Constable Grassick's promotion.

Gallant Commander of the Gordons.

Lieut.-Colonel J. O. Forbes of Corse, a beautiful estate in Aberdeenshire, near "where Gaudie rins,' who succeeds Lieut.-Colonel the Lord Burgh in command of a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, is one whose knowledge of military training has earned the commendation of a former General Officer Commanding in Scotland. He has had experience of the war, having been with the South Lancashire Regiment in the front line trenches at the end of 1915.

DON'T WEAR CORNS.

very man or woman who is afflicted Corns should take advantage of a derful remedy discovered by Dr. son. It has long been supposed that d or soft Corns were not curable. The t stubborn and painful Corn disappears n treated with Dr. Wilson's Medicated n Pencil. Just a rub, that's all. I will ly refund the money to anyone who is satisfied. Nobody has applied yet. usands of grateful customers. Send . 1s, Talbot Wilson, 16 Highgate Road, don, N.W.5.—(Advt.)

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 20th, 1915.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN EE NO POISON. EE

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

Here is a quintette of talent which will be entertaining and captivating audiences in the leading halls in Scotland this week:—(1) Miss Olive Sloane appears as Susan in a musical comedy, "The Toreador," at the Glasgow Alhambra; (2) Miss Ida Crispi is taking a leading part in "Stage Struck" at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh; (3) Miss Ella Shields, the famous male impersonator, tops the bill at the Glasgow Coliseum; (4) Miss Maudie Francis will continue her triumph in "Follow the Flag" at the Edinburgh Empire; and (5) W. F. Frame, the doyen of Scottish comedians, is engaged for the week at the Glasgow Empire.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
FRED KARNO'S NEW VERSION OF
MUMMING BIRDS.
The Fantasy that made CHARLIE CHAPLIN Famous. Cast includes JIMMY RUSSELL, W. F. Frame, Dale & O'Malley, Mrs Graeme Gering & Co. Wal. Langtry, Chas. Kaerec.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30. 'Phone 3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM, GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
ELLA SHIELDS,
JOCK WALKER, and THE TEN LOONIES,
Supported by Strong Variety Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central 1501.

LA SCALA, GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 11th, 12th, 13th June.
"ARMS AND THE WOMAN."
Pathe Gold Rooster Feature.
"A SCOUNDREL'S TOLL,"
Latest 2-Part Triangle Comedy.
"OUR BRAVE MERCHANT SERVICE,"
Topical Interest.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 14th, 15th, 16th June.
"THE SMUGGLERS."
Four-Part Comedy Drama, by Famous Players.
Mr and Mrs SIDNEY DREW in
"HER OBSESSION,"
Latest Metro-Drew Comedy.
and FULL PROGRAMME.

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
Monday, June 11, 1917.
VISIONS OF MELODY, a Musical Fantasy, Including Alice Raymond, World-Famous Cornetiste-Trumpeter,
JACK STERZELLY and "LUCKY," the Human Dog,
ED. E. FORD, Paradoxical Physiognomist,
And First-Class Vaudeville Co.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
June 11th, 12th, 13th.
PAULINE FREDERICK in
NANNATTE OF THE WILDS.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
June 14th, 15th, 16th.
H. B. WARNER in
SHELL 43.

KINNAIRD HALL, DUNDEE,
FRIDAY, June 15, at 7 p.m.
The ANNUAL CONCERT by PUPILS of
H. EVERITT LOSEBY.
Proceeds to the MEAT AND ALLIED TRADES RED CROSS FUND.
ORCHESTRA OF 100 PERFORMERS.
Vocalist—Miss JESSIE SHEPHERD.
Solo 'Cello—Miss DOROTHEA LOSEBY.
Accompanist—Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY.
Admission—1s 2d and 7d (including Tax).

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
Extraordinary Attractions for Next Week.
MON., TUES., and WED., First Time in Dundee of "THE DEVIL AT HIS ELBOW," Grand Metro Wonderplay, exclusive to Shand's.
All the Week, CHARLES CHAPLIN in "THE VAGABOND." Thurs., Fri. and Sat., Last Episode of "THE LAUGHING MASK." Also First Episode of "THE SHIELDING SHADOW." Also MARGUERITE SNOW in "SNOWBIRD," Metro Photoplay, First Time in Dundee.

ELECTRIC THEATRE, DUNDEE.
Week Commencing 11th June, 1917. Showing MON. to WED., LENMORE ULRICH in "KILMENY," an Exquisite Love Story of the Gipsy Trail, 4 Parts. Also the Latest War Film, THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE AT SALONIKA.
Showing THUR. to SATURDAY, ELISABETH RISDON in "DRIVEN." Produced by Maurice Elvey, in 4 Reels. Also "WHITE STAR," a Romance of the Turf and Stage, in 4 Reels.

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,
ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
THE SOUL'S CYCLE.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "ONE A.M."

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Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

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100 Best Songs.—Album, with pianoforte accompaniments, post free, 1s 6d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, 9 Scott St., Perth.

SCOTTISH JUNIOR FINAL.

HOW ST MIRREN WON AT FIRHILL.

St Mirren Juniors won the Scottish Junior Cup in the replayed final at Firhill, Glasgow, through a chance shot from Dorward as the game was wearing to a close. This was the only goal scored against Renfrew Juniors in the ties, but it was sufficient to take the pot to Paisley.

There was another big crowd, something in the region of 20,000, and the drawings at the gate, exclusive of stands, enclosure, and war tax, amounted to £405. This sum, added to the £655 drawn last week makes a total of £1070, which is easily a record for a once replayed final.

The game was livelier and more interesting than at the first meeting. St Mirren Juniors deserved their victory, although there was not much between the teams, and but for a sensational save by Alec Hart in the last minute of the game yet another meeting would have been necessary. The winners' forwards were much ahead of the Renfrew lot. They infused more dash and method into their work, and the Renfrew goal was more frequently threatened than Hart's charge. Leitch and Howie were the pick of the front line, and the centre forward had many dashing raids on goal. That goals did not follow was due to the sterling display of Landles and Anderson at back.

PLUCKY DEFENDERS.

This lively pair put in a gruelling ninety minutes' work, but they stood up to the Paisley bombardment with rare pluck and determination. Dorward's goal was in a manner unexpected. The Love Street left winger got the ball well out and let drive, and the ball, careering through a maze of legs, hit the inside of the upright, and glanced into the net. Goalkeeper Hunter was temporarily unsighted, and was certainly not to blame for the solitary goal scored against his side in the Scottish Junior ties this season. Remarkable enthusiasm followed the notching of the winning goal, and the Paisley supporters cheered for several minutes on end.

Of the half-backs, Hayman and Peters were the pick, although the much-bandaged M'Daid came out of his shell in the closing minutes of the game, Peters having gone off lame shortly after the resumption. Soldier M'Quade was reliable, but terribly robust, at left back for the winners, and allowed the opposing forwards no rope whatever. M'Leod, if not quite so showy, was seldom at fault, while Alec Hart, although having but little to do, saved his side when Dick all but scored in the closing minute with a shot from three yards' range.

Renfrew Juniors lost the Cup because their forwards were too timerous against the stalwart Paisley defence, and lacked a player who could shoot. Grant was the only forward who showed any enterprise against the hefty defence of the Love Street lads, but he was too closely policed to threaten danger often.

Pollock was the star in the mid line, and he plodded along with rare stubbornness, excelling in judicious placing. Well was it for Renfrew that Landles and Anderson were at the very top of their form at back.

St Mirren Juniors, 1; Renfrew Juniors, 0.

Renfrew—Hunter; Landles and Anderson; And. Lees, Alex. Lees, and Pollock; Parker, Hamilton, Grant, Gray, and Dick.

St Mirren—Hart; M'Leod and M'Quade; Hayman, M'Daid, and Peters; Rodgers, Lauder, Leitch, Howie, and Dorward.

CUP TIE AT STARK'S PARK.

Dunfermline Juniors and Denbeath Star played off their final tie for the West of Fife Cup at Stark's Park, Kirkcaldy, yesterday in tropical weather. Denbeath were the cleverer side in the first half. In the second portion some exciting play was witnessed. In the last ten minutes Denbeath were awarded a penalty, and Newbigging scored. Dunfermline made a dash for the equaliser, and Fisher almost netted, Johnston saving with nothing to spare. The Cup passed from Dunfermline to Denbeath by the solitary goal of the match.

JUNIORS AT CATHKIN.

Keen interest was evinced in the meeting of Parkhead and Petershill, which had a distinct bearing on the Glasgow Junior League championship. Private Stalker was out for the 'Hill. Petershill had wind advantage, and first filled the eye, Somerville getting through for the first count. The Parkhead boys replied vigorously, and Binnie notched the equaliser. A good, fast game, all in, and good play at that, and after Somerville had given the Springburn boys the lead Hart outpaced the defence, and at the turn over peels were called at two. There were no dull moments in the latter half, and sensations were crowded into the closing stages. Caddens gave Petershill the lead, and Millar followed with a goal of the surprise order. Parkhead never gave in, and though unfortunate at close quarters they got some of their own back when Mathie went through on his own and scored a brilliant goal. The game was worth a divide in points. Petershill, 4; Parkhead, 3.

BELLSHILL WIN CENTRAL CUP.

Larkhall Thistle and Bellshill Athletic — old Lanarkshire rivals—met yesterday on Douglas Park in the final round of the Central Cup. There was little to pick and choose between the teams, and if the Bellshill side showed the finer touches individually the Thistle were probably more convincing as a combination.

Both elevens carried their particular stars, and as many senior agents patronised the fixture it will not be surprising if at least four of the players make their debut in First League football next season. Bellshill were slightly superior all through the piece. In the first half the 'Hill scored in a mix-up between Morrison and Faulds. Dubiety prevails as to which player applied the finishing touch to the ball which beat Lindsay. With ten minutes to go Jones put the issue beyond doubt by scoring a second goal for Bellshill. The winners won because they showed a greater aptitude for taking chances. Bellshill, 2; Larkhall Thistle, 0.

AYRSHIRE CUP TIES.

Hurlford Thistle won the Ayrshire Consolation Cup at Kilmarnock, defeating Skares Juniors by 5-0. Hurlford were easily the better team. Hood, the outstanding man on the Hurlford side, scored twice in the first half, Goldie and Thomson adding to the total. In the second half Goldie got his second goal. Result:—Hurlford, 5; Skares, 0.

The Coylton and District Junior Cup final attracted a goodly attendance to Beresford Park, Ayr, the contestants being Cumnock Juniors and Glenburn Rovers. Steele, the centre forward of the last-named team, who is nearly certain to be promoted to senior circles next season, had all three goals for the winners. Cumnock were decidedly unlucky in many of their numerous attacks, and try as they could they were unable to lower Dorby's colours. Dorby is undoubtedly a clever goalkeeper, and he should yet be heard of. Glenburn retired worthy victors by 3 goals to 0.

QUOITS.

BY "DISC."

Paisley Central got through the second round of the Renfrewshire Gateside were beaten to a frazzle, and the "Buddies" got home 88-58.

Herriothill fill the bill at the "fair" with an open handicap.

Motherwell cater for Lanarkshire on Fair Monday.

The meeting of the champions at New Stevenston proved an exciting tie. Rae showed form which passed him into the second round. Sanderson, the Border crack, put up a stiff fight, but had to go under with a seven-shot margin. There was no surprise in the other tie, Black romping home at 51-28.

June 16 will be a red-letter day, with Jamieson and King in opposition. As my opinion is asked for, I'll take Jamieson to win.

Simpson fancies his chance against D. M'Neill, but if there's money at stake put your money on "Mac."

The eighteen-yards men can have a look in at the Kirkmuirhill handicap on the 23d. Prizes—£3, £2, £1, and 10s. This is a choice meeting, so toe the mark.

Davie Speedie, of Stonehouse, though he owns to sixty-six years, has the heart of a young yin. He challenges M'Beth, of Burnbank, for £10 or £15 a side. He will give five shots of a start if played at Stonehouse, and will take five at Burnbank. Now, then, Mac; your turn to shout.

The event in Lanarkshire was the survival of the fittest in the fight for the single-handed championship. The 'Shire's best were out. The Nimmos, of Auchentibber, played a spoiling game on the favourites. James put up Walkinshaw's number, and Bob defeated the holder. The final was played 'twixt two Larkhall clubmen—Bob M'Bride and Tom Spiers. Bob played throughout in champion form, and ran out a popular title holder. The award of merit, Mac, and "Disc" offers his congratulations.

Playing to two pins at each end was a remarkable state of matters in a stake match, yet such a thing happened at Kilsyth in a game which was won by John Haughton, of Banton, by 61-49.

From all appearances the big match is to go on at Barrhead on the 23d. Extensive alterations have been made in the matter of accommodation, and the match is billed. With a £100 at stake, and big money on the men, it's sure to be the game of the season. With the Lochgelly man on his game, Dicky M'Bride, the present Scottish champion, will have to travel to hold on to his title.

Meantime the Ayrshire candidate is "Disc's" fancy.

St Andrew's had the bulge on Clydebank over the two games in the Glasgow League Cup Competition. The cup looks a safe thing for the South Side.

Joe Dalrymple has been "called up" for his last game. He plays in the St Andrew's Castlehill tie before going a-soldiering.

SCOTTISH CUP—ROUND THREE.

St Andrew's—D. Skeoch and Joe Dalrymple, 25; R. Laidlaw and J. Dalrymple, jun., 25; J. Walker and P. M'Call, 25; J. W. Bell and A. Bulloch, 25—total, 100. Castlehill—S. Findlay and J. Moore, 10; John Burns and S. Burns, 18; T. Lannigan and J. Poole, 14; R. M'Neill and J. Burns, 9—total, 51.

Third-Round Tie—Final result:—Douglas Water, 100; Dumbarton, 21.

Scottish Cup (18 yards)—Second Round—Bo'ness, 81; Kirkintilloch, 68

Scottish Cup—Third Round—Final result:—Johnstone, 99; Barrhead, 80.

CRICKET.

WEST OF SCOTLAND v. COVENTRY ORDNANCE.

West of Scotland and Coventry Ordnance Works met at Hamilton Crescent yesterday. Scores:—

WEST OF SCOTLAND.

H. C. Barbour, c M'Donald, b M'Kinnon,	6
A. M. M'Alister, b Crossland,	15
H. Nixon, not out,	76
E. A. Johnson, b Gow,	0
T. D. Ross, c Shaw, b Gow,	2
G. Pearson, c Holyroyd, b Gow,	0
A. B. Blake, c M'Donald, b Crossland,	1
W. R. Drinnan, c Douglas, b Gow,	11
J. W. Ferguson, b Crossland,	0
G. Allum, b Rawnsley,	0
J. M. Henderson, c Gow, b Crossland,	17
Extras,	14
Total,	142

COVENTRY ORDNANCE.

H. Shaw, b Nixon,	40
N. M'Kinnon, c Ross, b Pearson,	2
H. Gow, c Drinnan, b Pearson,	0
W. Douglas, b Drinnan,	5
W. Holyroyd, b Drinnan	6
T. Murdoch, c Johnson, b Drinnan,	0
W. M'Donald, c Henderson, b Allum,	8
S. Rawnsley, b Nixon,	0
D. Buick, b Allum,	6
G. Mills, b Ross,	0
F. Crossland, not out,	4
Extras,	7
Total,	78

Bowling for the West—G. Allum had two for 4, H. Nixon two for 4, and W. R. Drinnan, three for 11. For Coventry—H. Gow had four for 40, and F. Crossland had four for 38.

Greenock v. Poloc.—Played at Greenock. Scores:—Greenock, 109 (John Kerr, 54); Poloc, 106 for four wickets (B. Sandiford, 50).

Babcock & Wilcox, 126; Nomads, 80.

Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 84; Grange, 135.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A one-mile handicap was run off at Powderhall Grounds yesterday afternoon. Result:—1 (£5) J. H. M'Millan, Hawick (120); 2 (15s) Piper R. James, Midcalder (125); 3 J. Bathgate, Townhill (110). Betting—2 to 1 against Holmes, Leith (120); 3 to 1 against M'Millan; 4 to 1 Bathgate, 10 to 1 bar three. Won by three yards. Time—4 min. 31⅕ secs.

A 75 yards handicap was run off at Powderhall yesterday. Result:—1 (£5) C. Alexander, Glasgow (9½); 2 (15s) R. Robb, Edinburgh (8½); 3 (5s) R. Waddell, Eskbank (7). Betting—7 to 2 on Alexander, 2 to 2 against Robb, 6 to 4 Waddell. Won by a foot. Time—8 3-5 secs.

BILLIARDS.

Mack, ...	9939
Stevenson (in play), ...	7369

SCOTTISH CUP—FINAL (REPLAY).

Renfrew Juniors, .. 0 St Mirren Juniors, .. 1

LANARKSHIRE CENTRAL CUP—FINAL.

Larkhall Thistle, ... 0 Bellehill Athletic, .. 2

WEST FIFE JUNIOR CUP—FINAL.

Denbeath Star, ... 1 Dunfermline Juniors, 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Petershill, ...	4	Parkhead, ...	3
Clydebank Juniors,	0	Cambuslang Rangers,	2
Pollok, ...	4	Maryhill, ...	3
Strathclyde, ...	0	Benburb, ...	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Kilsyth Rangers, ... 2 St Anthony's, ... 2

STIRLINGSHIRE LEAGUE CUP—FINAL.

California Celtic, ... 1 Wallacelea Rangers, 0

AYRSHIRE CONSOLATION CUP.

Hurlford Thistle, .. 5 Skares Juniors, ... 0

THE TRACK.

TIPS FOR CLYDEBANK NEXT SATURDAY.

Clydebank F.C. have been favoured with a splendid entry for their first annual sports on Saturday. Almost every runner of note has sent in their entry. Jack Bell, the Dumbarton wonder, is amongst the competitors, and many of the old hands will be on the job to watch the progress of this lad.

The five-a-side draw has so far not been made public, but with Rangers, Celtic, Queen's, Partick Thistle, Dumbarton, Clyde, Thirds, and a local five all in plenty of opposition will be served up. The home five, after their victory at Boghead, are hot favourites, but I don't think they have a big chance. Clyde are very strong on this game, and Manager Cummings is certain to send on the best five on hand. Queen's should also suit the locals, and the Celtic boys, represented by their best team, seem to be too good for the Clydebank five. Much depends on the draw, but I fully expect that Queen's, Clyde, or Celts will pull off the prizes.

Eddie Beattie and Pat Tyrrell are to meet in a display of how to do it with the gloves, and Jim M'Donald and Pat Kennedy also appear in the picture at the same game.

The 100 up should provide plenty of excitement round the ropes. Two or three local lads figure in the event, but I am looking outside the local ring for the winner. I have a sneaking regard for the much-improved Alex. Gordon to score well, and another who has a big chance is A. Geddes, a Maryhill lad with a rare turn of speed. I fancy either of the two boys mentioned will be well in the limit, and you can look for Boy Bell in the 220 yards. He is certain to run well on Clydebelm.

It's about time Jimmy Weir, of Shettleston, scored a win over the half-mile, but if the event is run in heats, then Jimmy's chance is gone. He can't go a second time. The B.H. lad, Harry Morgan, should run well in this event. George Kilson, a Manningham Harrier, and also Jack Warman, the London Highgate Harrier, has been mentioned, but I prefer a B.H. boy to go right through.

Allan Glen's School sports will be held at Hampden Park next Saturday. In the case of the recent High School meet a great entry has been received, and the sporting traditions of the school will be well maintained under the new headmaster.

The ex-100 yards and 220 yards champion, Bobbie Duncan, left for somewhere in France last week.

Dumbarton Harp and Kilmarnock football clubs have both arranged sports meetings for 23d June. The towns are widely apart, and both should receive plenty of support. Entry forms can be had at Mr F. A. Lumley's, Glasgow, for both meetings.

Bombardier James Dickson referees the five-a-side at Clydebank, and Mr W. Struth, Rangers, has charge of the starter's duties.

The draw for the Clydebank Five-a-Side Tourney was made last night:—Rangers v. Dumbarton, Thirds v. Clyde, Clydebank v. Partick Thistle, and Celtic v. Queen's Park.

FINE FOOTING AT CELTIC PARK.

Athletic sports in aid of the Smyllum Orphanage, Lanark, held at Celtic Park yesterday, were successful both in the sport provided and in the matter of attendance. Proceedings opened with the 100 yards open (seven heats, 45 competitors). J. B. Bell (3½), the Dumbarton winner, was a popular winner of the fifth heat, and the other heat winners were:—A. Devine, W.S.H. (4½); Sergeant Gutteridge, Glenpark (2½); J. G. King, B.H. (5½); J. M'Fadden, S.H. (4½); George S. Summers, B.H. (8); D. Dougan, B.H. (8½). The final was a stirring encounter, the placed men breasting the tape in a bunch. M'Fadden, of Shettleston, got the verdict for first man home, J. B. Bell was placed second, and J. G King third. Time—10 3-5 secs.

In the 880 yards flat handicap Ross, Motion, and Weir, the backmarkers, were all out, but all were unplaced, and in a good race A. Mair, B.H. (off 50 yards), was first; 2 S. Small, B.H. (33); 3 J. Cuthbert, B.H. (56). Time—2 min. 5 2-5 secs. Won on the tape.

It took seven heats to cover the 220 yards, and J. B. Bell was unplaced in his heat. The final provided a keen race:—1 George Hamilton, M.H. (5); 2 J. M'Fadden, S.H. (11); 3 Sergeant Gutteridge, R.S.F. (10). Time—23 3-5 secs. Won by inches. Close finish between second and third.

One Mile Flat Race.—There was a good field, though Jamie Wilson didn't strip, and Ross and Motion were the backmarkers, and both dropped out in the rounds. S. Small, B.H., was the first man home. He was off 80 yards, and won looking round. A. Mair, B.H., was second (110), and George Malcolm, E.S.H. (90), third. Close finish for second and third. Time—4 min. 34 secs.

5-A-SIDES

Motherwell (Kelly, M'Stay, Gardner, Dunsmore, and Livingstone), 2 goals; Partick Thistle (Ferguson, Gardner, Joe Harris, Reid, and Neil Harris), nil. Scorers:—Kelly and Dunsmore.

Clydebank (M'Turk, Harvie, Neish, Shortt, and Martin), 1 corner; Queen's Park (Neilson, Cowan, Aitken, Walker, and Morton), 2 goals 1 corner. Scorers:—Morton and Aitken.

Clyde (Hamilton, Daly, Cowan, Shimmon, and M'Cowan), nil; Rangers (Blair, M'Kenna, Dixon (St Mirren), Lawson, and M'Dermid), 4 goals 1 corner. Scorers:—Lawson (2), Dixon (penalty), and M'Dermid.

Third Lanark (Mackie, Fletcher (Partick), Brown (Celtic), Millar (Fulham), and Dowds), nil; Celtic (Shaw, Dodds, Browning, M'Coll, and Brodie (Dumbarton Harp), 1 goal 2 corners. Scorer:—M'Coll.

Semi-Final—Motherwell v. Queen's Park. Queen's won by 2 goals 1 corner to 1 goal 1 corner. Scorers:—Queen's—Walker and Morton; Motherwell —Kelly.

Celtic v. Rangers.—What promised to be a good tie fizzled out in an easy Celtic victory by 3 goals to 1 goal and 1 corner.—Scorers:—Celtic—Brodie, M'Coll (2); Rangers—Lawson.

The final was a choice event—Queen's v. Celts. Queen's led off, and scored by Walker, and led at the cross-over by 1 goal 1 corner. Brodie came out of his shell in the latter five, and won the game for Celts by his three goals. Final result:—Celtic, 3 goals; Queen's Park, 1 goal 1 corner.

SPORTS AT MOTHERWELL.

A sports gala held at Fir Park, Motherwell, yesterday afternoon lacked nothing in the way of variety. The meeting was promoted by the National Projectile Factory, Mossend, and was attended by a crowd of 10,000 spectators. The item of chief interest was the five-a-side football match, an event which attracted all the principal League clubs. The final took place between Motherwell and Hamilton Academicals, and resulted in a win for the Academicals by 3 goals to 1 after a replay. Sergeant Angus, V.C., kicked off the ball in the ladies' football match, which proved quite an attraction. The sports were in aid of war charities, and should be the means of providing a large return for this laudable purpose. Following are the principal results:—Five-a-Side—Airdrieonians, 2 goals; Rangers, 2 points. Motherwell, 4 goals; Hibernians, nil. Hamilton Academicals, 2 goals; Hearts, 1 goal. Celtic, 1 goal; Queen's Park, nil.

Semi-Final—Motherwell, 2 goals 1 corner; Airdrieonians, 1 goal 1 corner (after a replay). Hamilton Academicals, 1 goal; Celtic, nil.

Final:—Hamilton Academicals, 3 goals; Motherwell, 1 goal.

Half-Mile Handicap—1 Thompson, 2 Young, 3 Diamond.

LARCHFIELD GAMES.

These were held at Helensburgh yesterday, and attracted a large attendance. The following were the principal events:—

Bicycle Parade—1 G. F. Baird, 2 J. Macdougall.

Wheelbarrow Race—1 T. Nelson, 2 Private Nelson.

Relay Race (open to volunteers)—Sergeant Miller's team

Bomb-Throwing—1 A. Stewart, 2 J. Cole.

Tug-of-War—No. 1 Platoon, Helensburgh Volunteers.

SPORTS' DEFENCE.

A meeting of gentlemen interested in sport was held in London yesterday, and it was decided to form a British Sports Protection Union.

Mr F. Howard, who was appointed hon. secretary pro tem., was instructed to approach Lord Lonsdale, who has already expressed sympathy to the movement, with the object of asking his Lordship to preside at a public meeting.

It is expected that representation of all Associations, Leagues, Unions, and clubs connected with sport will attend.

The date and venue of the proposed meeting will be announced in due course.

W. Hyslop, left half of Clydebank Juniors, has been signed on by the Celtic.

BOXING.

SCOTTISH 10-STONE CHAMPIONSHIP.

To-morrow night at the Scottish National Club, Glasgow, Billy Smith and Ted Lester will meet over twenty rounds for the 10 st. championship of Scotland. This ought to be a great contest. I saw Smith last night training strenuously at the Glasgow Amateur Club. He looked well. "I feel in the best possible condition," said Billy. "I've had a thorough work-out these last three weeks, and I am satisfied with my fitness. Lester will have to be very smart to beat me, but I don't think he is to do it. In reach he has the better of matters maybe, but in other respects the advantage seems to be mine, and I think I'll prove to be the better man. Lester, however, is a good man, and I know full well that my job is no soft snap. I'll require to go all out from the very start, and that's just what I'm to do. It looks like being a very fast fight all the time, and I just hope that Lester is as fit as I am. May the better man win."

M'MENAMIN SPEAKS.

No less interest is being evinced in the contest between Jim M'Menamin and Pat M'Laughlan. The first-named has prepared at Jimmy Morton's Southern Athletic Club, Glasgow, where, seen yesterday, he told me he was both eager and confident. "As Pat M'Laughlan has met me before, I think it may be said we know each other very well," said Jim. "Thus I have a thorough knowledge of what will be required of me, and you may rest assured it will be forthcoming. For either of the two boys mentioned will be well in the limit, and you can look for Boy Bell in the 220 yards. He is certain to run well on Clydebelm.

It's about time Jimmy Weir, of Shettleston, scored a win over the half-mile, but if the event is run in heats, then Jimmy's chance is gone. He can't go a second time. The B.H. lad, Harry Morgan, should run well in this event. George Kilson, a Manningham Harrier, and also Jack Warman, the London Highgate Harrier, has been mentioned, but I prefer a B.H. boy to go right through.

Allan Glen's School sports will be held at Hampden Park next Saturday. In the case of the recent High School meet a great entry has been received, and the sporting traditions of the school will be well maintained under the new headmaster.

The ex-100 yards and 220 yards champion, Bobbie Duncan, left for somewhere in France last week.

Dumbarton Harp and Kilmarnock football clubs have both arranged sports meetings for 23d June. The towns are widely apart, and both should receive plenty of support. Entry forms can be had at Mr F. A. Lumley's, Glasgow, for both meetings.

Bombardier James Dickson referees the five-a-side at Clydebank, and Mr W. Struth, Rangers, has charge of the starter's duties.

The draw for the Clydebank Five-a-Side Tourney was made last night:—Rangers v. Dumbarton, Thirds v. Clyde, Clydebank v. Partick Thistle, and Celtic v. Queen's Park.

HERO OF THE BROKE.

Petty-Officer Woodfield, of H.M.S. Broke, who took part in the memorable naval battle in the North Sea recently, is to take part in a contest at the Holborn Stadium to-morrow afternoon. Petty-Officer Woodfield it was who came to the rescue of the gallant Midshipman Gyles, when the youngster, who was firing into the onrushing Germans who had jumped aboard the Broke, had his arm seized by a big Hun sailor, and looked like coming in for a lot of trouble. Woodfield, however, jumped in, and with a right to the chin sent the German reeling and overboard. The petty-officer has not done a lot of boxing since war broke out—there is only just enough room to expand the chest and blink an eyelid aboard a destroyer—but in other times he has "done a bit" with the gloves, and took part in the N. and A. light-weights when the championships were held last at Portsmouth.

The new feather-weight champion's (Charlie Hardcastle) next contest will be at the Holborn Stadium. His opponent will probably be Louis Ruddick, of Leeds, and the contest will take place in about four weeks' time.

The "official" season of boxing will end on the final Monday night of the present month with the bantam-weight championship match at the N.S.C. between Young Fox and the challenger, Seaman Symonds, but the sport is so full of vigour and so much in favour with the public that it will probably continue to flourish in other places right through the summer months.

In a twenty-round contest Driver Fred Housego beat Seaman Tom Clark on points yesterday afternoon at Portsmouth.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW MEET.

First and second in heats of 200 yards open handicap:—Mr Clark's Dunrum (9½) and Mr Gray's Snatch (29); Mr Gordon's Adeline (29) and Mr M'Crystal's Irish Maid (7); Mr Spence's Redwood (10½) and Mr M'Ghee's Bramble Twig (14); Mr Beaton's No Surrender (20½) and Mr Roberts' Professor (26); Mr M'Naul's Master Bill (20½) and Mr Thomson's Charlie (23); Mr Mack's No Use (21½) and Mr Ferrier's Scotch Thistle (14½); Mr Allan's Hoy (21½) and Mr Cullen's Nellie (30); Mr Cowan's Reliable (27) and Mr Buckley's Cathkin Boy (18); Mr Dougan's Greenhill Lad (17½) and Mr Gorman's Grecian Girl (21½); Mr Leighton's Durbar II. (30½) and Mr Lawrence's Newhouse Lass (27½); Mr Brown's Sporting Lad (21) and Mr Bill's Lady Pearce (29); Mr Heaney's Black Ned (22) and Mr Nicoll's Cossack (23½); Mr Wilson's Polycrates (20½) and Mr Moran's Gipsy Boy (17½) and Mr Purdon's Lochburn Lad (22½), dead heat for second place; Mr Burns' Cardean (22) and Mr Boyd's Chief of the Clan (21½); Mr M'Ewan's Principal Boy (25½) and Mr Carrigan's Jellyhill (22½) and Mr Brannan's Hardships (23½), dead heat for second place; Mr Cunningham's Little Mary (18½) and Mr Campbell's Stand Fast (15); Mr M'Guire's Duffer (19) and Mr M'Laren's Blue Boy (11); Mr M'Dermid's Drum Stick (20) and Mr M'Lean's Final Shot (15); Mr Burke's Hot Rum (26½) and Mr Davidson's Saucy Sarah (23½); Mr Barrowman's The Bad Lad (20) and Mr Clark's Less Trouble (24) and Mr Edgar's Dixie Kid (24), dead heat for second place; Mr Davis' Sugar Lass (30½) and Mr Harrison's Hermes (32½), Mr Dick's Joy (30½) and Mr Kelly's Sugar (29½); Mr Harper's Sandy Boy (30) and Mr Brown's Happy Fanny (32); Mr Grant's Pale Ale (31) and Mr Bill's Empire (22); Mr Young's Ayrshire Lad (26½) and Mr Mack's Floss (8½); Mr Rink's Lusker (19) and Mr Smith's Golden Bar (18); Mr Morrison's Miss Pankhurst (19) and Mr Jack's Kitty Gray (18½).

First Semi-Final—No Use and Durbar II.

Second Semi-Final—Polycrates, Stand Fast, and Cossack (dead heat for second place).

Third Semi-Final—Little Mary and Chief of the Clan.

Fourth Semi-Final—Miss Pankhurst and Ayrshire Lad.

Final (£10)—1 Mr Wilson's Polycrates, 2 Mr Mack's No Use, 3 Mr Nicholl's Cossack.

Also Ran—Durbar II., Standfast, Little Mary, Chief of the Clan, Miss Pankhurst, and Ayrshire Lad.

Betting—Evens Polycrates, 2 to 1 against No Use, 4 to 1 Cossack, 5 to 1 Durbar II., 6 to 1 Little Mary, Chief of the Clan, and Miss Pankhurst, 10 to 1 others.

COATBRIDGE HANDICAP.

The weekly handicap took place yesterday. The main interest centred in the previous week's results of semi-final and final which were as follows:—First Semi-Final—1 Wilson's Lady Ann (38), 2 Greenan's My Pal (44). Second Semi-Final—1 Montgomery's Rosemary (39), 2 Brown's Bit of Fashion (46). Final—1 Rosemary, 2 Lady Ann. Betting—6 to 4 on winner, 3 to 1 Lady Ann and My Pal, 5 to 1 Bit of Fashion.

Two made-up heats were run, the winners being:—Scullion's Betty (40), and Luca's Long as Day. These will be included in next week's handicap with the following, which were run as per programme:—Wood's Sybo (46), Garvie's Blue Diamond (42), Stewart's Saucy Tam (35), Sneddon's Volta (42), Mont's Glenisla (45), Thomson's Hurry On (44), M'Cabe's Frisky (43), M'Pherson's Biddy B. (37), Anderson's Ruby (39), Donnelly's Rainbow (33), Thomson's Miss Starlight (42), Gow's Candy Hammer (46).

LOCHGELLY MEET.

Lochgelly dog handicap took place yesterday afternoon, the final resulting as follows:—1 Gold Spot (Mr M'Lay, Lochgelly) (10); 2 Lucky Meg (Mr Yortstone, Dowdenbeath) (11½); 3 Prince (Mr Taylor, Bowhill) (17); 4 Torn Breeks (Mr Houston, Methil) (15½). Betting—Evens on Gold Spot.

EDINBURGH MEET.

A 190 yards dog handicap was run off yesterday afternoon at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh. There was an entry of one hundred and eighty. Result:—1 (£5) Knight's (Smeaton) Norman (40). The other finalists were:—Page's (Methil) Kelso (37), Buchan's (Bathgate) Review (36), Ewart's (Leith) Rover (40), M'Donald's (Fauldhouse) Stirabout (37), received 10s each. Betting—6 to 4 on Wee Norman, 9 to 4 against Nelson, 5 to 1 Review, 6 to 1 Rover, 8 to 1 Stirabout. Won by nearly a yard. Time—10⅕ secs.

BOWLING.

The annual competition for the bowling trophy of the Eastern District of Stirlingshire Association was played yesterday. Close on 200 bowlers, representing a dozen clubs, took part. The result was declared at Falkirk, when Stanhousemuir were found to be the winners, with 28 shots up. The positions of the other clubs were:—Carron, 27 shots up; Camelon, 17 shots up; Grahamston, 16 shots up; Burnhead, 5 shots up; Falkirk, 1 shot down; Larbert, 9 shots down; Adrian, 12 shots down; Polmont, 13 shots down; Bonnybridge, 16 shots down; Slamannan, 18 shots down; Denny, 24 shots down.

THE TONIC CURE FOR FATNESS.

There is no possible doubt that Antipon the great permanent cure for corpulency has once and for all won its way by sheer force of merit into the front rank of famous remedies. It is endorsed by every competent authority as the "standard remedy for obesity," and it has lastingly cured many thousands of cases of extreme stoutness, where everything else has failed. Antipon is the direct opposite of those remedies which rely on an impoverishing diet and mineral drugging to drag the patient down to thinness, and which have ruined so many constitutions irretrievably. While rapidly absorbing the superfluous fatty deposits (there is a loss of 8 oz. to 3 lb. within the first 24 hours), Antipon tones up the system, promotes digestion, and thus helps to build up health and strength anew, and to make healthy, firm muscular tissue, where before the limbs were soft, flabby, and weak, with excessive deposits of adipose matter. There, in a few words, is the whole Antipon treatment—a boon of boons to the stout, and to those who have a tendency to stoutness. Antipon lastingly destroys the tendency to make fat of everything eaten. It is in every respect a brilliant success upon which the discoverers are to be warmly congratulated. Antipon is a harmless and pleasant liquid of non-mineral ingredients, and can be taken without inconvenience or discomfort, no change of diet being necessary. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 3s and 5s, and is recommended by Boots Cash Chemists (580 branches), Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White & Co., and all high-class chemists and stores all over the world, or, in the event of difficulty, may be had on remitting amount (abroad postage extra), privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, P27, Store St., London, W.C.1.

Australian, South African, Canadian, Anglo-Indian, and other oversea readers can readily obtain Antipon by ordering through a local chemist or stores, as it is stocked by wholesale chemists throughout the world.—Advt.

'GUIDE TO HEALTH' FREE!

A BOOK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. TELLS HOW 100 HEALTH TROUBLES CAN BE CURED.

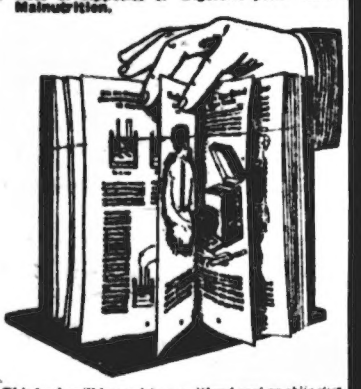
To-day is presented to every reader an opportunity to write for a Book that is really worth its weight in gold.

Priceless Health Information is contained within its covers. Every page is filled with the most valuable information to those who are the victims of bodily weakness and ill-health.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

It is written and published with the object of offering to the suffering public information and advice in health troubles, which was hitherto confined to those who could afford to pay the expensive fees imposed by the great West End specialists. It explains just how and why Electropoise Treatment succeeds where all other methods fail. When the tide of the nervous system is low there is inevitably a consequent disturbance of all the bodily functions:

1. Digestion becomes impaired.
2. Blood flows sluggishly.
3. The Functions of Secretion and Excretion fail in their duties.
4. Loss of Appetite or Digestive power leads to Malnutrition.



This book will be sent free, without cost or obligation, if you will fill in and post the coupon below. It is an invaluable health guide that should be in every home.

Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney disorders, Anæmia, Insomnia, and other abnormal conditions usually follow Nerve Weakness.

Until recently the nervous system has been one of the greatest physicians, scientists, and philosophers the comparatively unexplored hinterland of the body. It has defied drug treatment, operations, and the keenest medical investigation.

Even to-day medical science is only slowly agreeing with the wonderful discovery made by Mr J. L. Pulvermacher that in electricity, skilfully applied to the weak or ailing body, can there be any hope of a complete and permanent restoration of lost nervous energy. There is a complete rejuvenation—almost, indeed, a re-birth of the whole system—under a course of the Pulvermacher system. It does not interfere in the least with one's daily duties. The Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Electrological Institute is offering this interesting and helpful explanatory "Guide to Health and Strength," gratis and post free, to every reader of the "Sunday Post" who makes immediate application for it.

This Book contains many interesting and informative illustrations, and everyone should certainly read it to their advantage. Those who can call personally are cordially invited to do so, when a consultation on their health trouble may be secured absolutely free of charge, between the hours of 10.0 and 6.30 Daily. Those who are unable to call, however, can save trouble and time by using this

FREE COUPON

By posting this FREE FORM TO-DAY you will receive the "Guide to Health and Strength," also particulars of the Pulvermacher appliances free of cost and obligation.

Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

Post to The Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Sunday Post, 10/6/17.

In the Stadium, Melbourne, last evening Edwards defeated and outclassed Charlie Simpson in the thirteenth round.

Brodie, of Dumbarton Harp, had three good goals for Celts in the final five against Queen's Park.

1,000,711 OMEN WAR WORKERS

How All Can Grow Beautiful Thick and Silky Hair.

PLENDID 4-IN-ONE TOILET GIFT TO ALL BRITISH WOMEN.

O DAY is announced a Splendid Gift to Britain's 1,000,711 Women War Workers — in fact, all British en who care to write for it. The Gift t of a 4-in-1 Toilet Set, the use of will not only check any influences in- to women's and girl's hair, but will lly enrich its growth in both quantity quality.

ndreds of thousands of women already and warmly appreciate the wonderful rowing effects of "Harlene Hair-

e Toilet Gift announced to-day is ded to prove, free of expense, to woman and girl properly conside of her health beauty, neither munitions ther fac- y, the , nor the ure to weather work on and need e her r. The t will ve that en's hair thrive derfully health beauty it is ated ac- ng to arlene -Drill."

1st WOMAN WAR WORKER: How in the world do you manage to keep your hair looking so thick and beautiful? Mine is falling out fast, and, as you see, it has faded terribly.

2nd WOMAN WAR WORKER: I found I was losing my hair, but tried "Harlene Hair-Drill," with the splendid result you see. You try it, too, and your hair will grow better than ever. You can get a complete Free Trial Outfit, too.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Also your hair will grow with rich colour. It will radiate the fragrance and the halo-like sheen of health and beauty.

And it costs nothing to discover this truth for yourself, thanks to Mr Edwards' generous gift of his "Harlene Hair-Drill" Toilet Outfits.

This offer, while chiefly made to the women, is *also open to men*, for they need its aid also.

Merely write your name and address on the following Gift Coupon, enclosed with 4d stamps for return postage, and you will receive by return post:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions for this two-minute-a-day hair-growing exercise.

After you have tried—*free of cost to yourself*—the extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying influence of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" addition to your daily toilet, you will wish to continue it, and you can obtain from your chemists and stores further supplies as follows:—"Harlene" in bottles at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9. (Solidified Harlene in tins at 2/9.) "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 2d each, or 7 packets for 1/-. "Uzon" Brilliantine, in bottles, at 1/- and 2/6.

Or post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

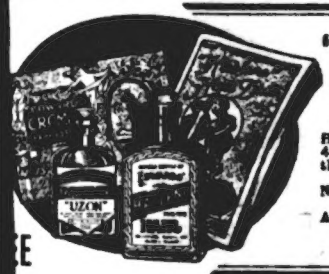
Here is your Gift Coupon. Do not delay.

GROW MAGNIFICENT HAIR.

e increasing correspondence to hand from Women War Workers proves all too many are finding that the dust, and the chemical-charged or close at- here of factories *is* injurious to the Others report that the conditions of on the land coarsen the hair, drying d causing it to become brittle, split, , or fall out.

parts of the bodily structure respond ickly to proper care as the hair. The ty of the human hair is extraordinary. t only two minutes a day in Harlene ir-Drilling" it, and it will surprise one to see how magnificently it will ve in both quantity and quality.

e scalp will become free from Scurf, iness, and Clamminess. Each hair will sh. Each root and shaft will be full- d, so retaining a strong hold to resist g out, splitting, and breaking.



"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit, as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name, ...

Address, ...

Sunday Post, 10/6/17.

d Astor, one of the new Viscounts, aken the title of Viscount Astor of Castle.

Over 123,000 children were displaced by the military occupation of elementary schools last year.

The Government promise to consider favourably the suggestion that a roll of honour of M.P.s should be made.

Paterson's

CLENSEL

KEEPS AWAY SLUGS

No Greenfly No Mildew

Spray the Plants with ne Gill to one Gallon Water

All Grocers, &c., 7½d per bottle, or 7d bottle returned.

Your Dealer allows for the Empty bott'e.

KE IT BACK WHEN RE-ORDERING.

OCTOR STEDMAN'S EETHING POWDERS

TRADE MARK

re the best remedy for Children eething: quieting their restless- ss, regulating their bowels, and proving their digestion, health, nd spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and owder. Of Chemists and Drug tores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

25, New North Road, London, N.

EVERYTHING FOR YOUR CYCLE

Outer Covers (guaranteed), from 3s 9d each; Inner Tubes, from 1s 11d each. Second-Hand Cycles, from 30s. Large stock of Chains, Free Wheels, Saddles, Pedals, Inflators, Lamps, Bells, Handle Bars. WE WILL BUY YOUR OLD CYCLE. CYCLE CO., LTD., 168 Buchanan St., GLASGOW.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

SLOWLY but surely the Stock Markets are beginning to see daylight, although they are still not disposed to go ahead of events.

The news from the various war fronts is of the most inspiriting character, and the position in Russia, too, is beginning to clarify itself, while the determination with which America is getting to work is another important factor.

It would, of course, be futile to hazard a prediction at the present juncture as to when the war is likely to come to an end. Coming events, however, usually cast their shadows before, and the continued depreciation in the German mark, the value of which is expected henceforth to be not much more than 30 to the pound sterling during the present generation, as compared with the normal rate of 20, is the best proof that Germany is gradually being brought to her knees.

RUBBER COMPANIES AT LAST MOVING.

For the time being, so much depends upon the question of the Excess Profits Duty in connection with the immediate outlook for the majority of the Plantation Rubber Companies, that it is advisable to withold judgment as regards prospects until the same is definitely settled.

The latest example of the hardships of the present method of application of the Tax is afforded by the Chersonese Estates, which, although showing a profit of £59,603 for 1915, is so much affected by the Excess Profits Duty, that it is only able to pay a dividend of 14 7-12 per cent. for the past year, as against 20 per cent. for the preceding year.

Messrs Taylor, Noble & Co. have taken up the matter very energetically, and an influential committee has been formed with the object of securing a more equitable application of the Tax as far as the younger plantation rubber companies are concerned.

OILS IN CHEERFUL MOOD.

The Oil market has again been in a cheerful mood, although attention has been monopolised by a few particular shares.

Shell Transports and Royal Dutch are awaiting with confidence their forthcoming dividend announcements, the prospects in connection with which have already been discussed in these columns.

A good word has often been given here for Burmah Oil, whose total distribution for the past year amounts to 30 per cent., as compared with 27½ per cent. for the preceding year. In fact, most of the shares to which special reference has been made here have given an excellent account of themselves, including Mexican Eagles and Lobitos.

KAFFIRS FIRMING UP.

Although quotations still come at low prices from Johannesburg, there is a much better tone in the London market. Central Mining have advanced, and one of their subsidiaries, the Crown Mines, have improved sharply to 2¾ on the satisfactory May results. There is also a slow improvement in other Kaffir shares, and a feature has been the announcement that the Cons. Mines Selection has taken over a large number of shares in the reorganisation scheme of the Transvaal and Rhodesian. These shares have improved to 2s 1½d, while Cons. Mines Selection are distinctly better.

RHODESIANS INCLINED TO HARDEN.

In Rhodesians, Chartered shares are still somewhat neglected, but Tanganyika have improved on another satisfactory return of the Union Miniers of a large output of Copper. The Amalgamated Props. appeal is now being heard, and the shares have hardened. In West Africans very little business is passing.

YESTERDAY'S RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN.

2.0.—TOWER PLATE—One Mile.

Crom Aboo (J. Sinnott),	1
High View (N. Marriott),	2
Amaryllis (Joe Harty),	3

18 ran.

Betting—Evens Crom Aboo, 5 to 1 Distinguished 8 to 1 High View, 10 to 1 Amaryllis, 100 to 8 Ballywilliam and Sabarina, 20 to 1 others.

2.30.—LAWN TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Esplanadian (Joe Harty) and Irish Pearl (E. Quinn),	dead heat.
Right Line (M. Beary),	3

14 ran.

Cally (F. Fox).

Betting—2 to 1 Right Line, 5 to 1 Forty-One, 6 to 1 Hello H., 8 to 1 Esplanadian, Sisyphus, and Miss Spinnaker, 10 to 1 Loch Dan, Cally, and Irish Pearl, 100 to 8 Llansinfried, 20 to 1 Acclaim, 50 to 1 others.

3.0.—LEOPARDSTOWN PRODUCE STAKES—Five Furlongs.

Lady Earn (V. Smythe),	1
Kashmir (J. Sinnott),	2
Loch Dan (T. Burns),	3

Betting—5 to 4 La Pucelle, 5 to 2 Kashmir, 6 to 1 Loch Dan, 10 to 1 Lady Earn, 100 to 8 others.

3.30.—KINGSTOWN PLATE—Seven Furlongs.

Acetylene (H. H. Beasley),	1
Royal Day (V. Smythe),	2
Chelsbo (L. Foy),	3

22 ran.

Betting—100 to 14 Chelsbo, 100 to 12 Filltrim, 10 to 1 Mr Julian, 100 to 8 Desmond, 100 to 12 Philandar, 5 to 1 Josh and Royal Day, 10 to 1 Lady Evie, 100 to 8 Snarehill, 100 to 12 King Melton and Gilt Edge, 10 to 1 Acetylene, 20 to 1 others.

4.0.—CADOGAN PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Timler (Joe Canty),	1
Mexico (V. Smythe),	2
Singing Bird (F. Hunter),	3

6 ran.

Betting—2 to 1 Timler, 8 to 1 Singing Bird, 7 to 1 Wildfellow, 5 to 2 Glynn, 3 to 1 Mexico, 50 to 1 Alexa.

4.30.—MANOR PLATE—One-and-a-Half Miles.

Duke of Brandon (Aylin),	1
Mariona (T. Burns),	2
Lukeston (C. Hawkins),	3

12 ran.

Betting—6 to 1 Sprig of Mint, 10 to 1 Mountain Pass, Good Health, Nellie Mac, 3 to 1 Duke of Brandon, 20 to 1 Green Button, 6 to 4 Mariona, 100 to 6 Herulaneum, 7 to 1 Lukeston and Cormac, 50 to 1 others.

After the horses and jockeys had gone to the post it was discovered there was some error in the weights, and all the jockeys were brought back to the weighing-room.

The horses were recalled from the post, and the stewards decided that the weights of the following horses should be:—Cormac, 11 st. 3 lbs.; Herculaneum, 12 st.; Duke of Brandon 12 st. 3 lbs.; Mariona, 12 st. 3 lbs; Nelly Mac, 11 st. 10 lbs.; Green Button, 12 st. 3 lbs.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM

READ MY FREE OFFER

You are doubtful, you are sceptical. You have taken all kinds of doctor's advice, have been dosed to the limit of endurance—all without benefit.

You have almost reached the point where you consider your case hopeless. You don't feel like throwing away any more money.

That is why I am offering you one treatment of Oliver's Foot Draft—worth 5s—FREE. I KNOW what Oliver's Foot Draft will do. I know that more than one hundred thousand cases of Rheumatism have been cured by it. But I don't ask you to take my word for it. Prove to yourself, AT MY EXPENSE, that you can be cured, restored to your former good health, relieved of pain and soreness.

NO MEDICINE! NO DRUGS!

Oliver's Foot Draft does its work by following Nature's plan—removing the uric acid poison from your system through the skin.

Oliver's Foot Draft is a powerful antiseptic plaster. Applied to the soles of the feet, where the excretory pores are largest, and where it will not interfere with your work or your pleasures in any way, it brings almost instant relief from pain and quickly removes all traces of the disease.

Write your name and address on the coupon below, post it to me, and a 5s. treatment will be sent you to try. Owing to the increased postage rates, we should appreciate the enclosure of 3d. in stamps from bona-fide inquirers.—R. A. OLIVER, K.H. 10, Equitable House, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

5 - FREE COUPON

With no obligation on my part, please send me free one 5s treatment of Oliver's Foot Draft, the famous cure for Rheumatism.

Name, ...

Address, ...K.H. 10.

5 and no money, only 3 penny s imp

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S GIFT TO THE NATION.

Maxim Gun Inventor's Remarkable, Quick and Simple Home Treatment for Curing CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOIS.S, ASTHMA, and BREATHING DISORDERS.

EVERY SUFFERER TO RECEIVE FREE OF CHARGE A PRESENTATION COPY OF THE "HOME DOCTOR" BOOK.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in connection with the cure of all kinds of Nose, Ear, Throat, Chest, and Lung Troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the Veteran Inventor of Maxim Gun fame.

Every one who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d stamp only needed) or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, Dept. D.O., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

UNABLE TO GET RELIEF.

As many know, Sir Hiram had for years been a martyr to Catarrhal and Bronchial affections, and although he had consulted practically every specialist in Europe he was unable to obtain relief.

Tired of seeking advice, Sir Hiram experimented on himself, and was not long in devising a very simple appliance which gave him immediate relief and subsequently cured him of his trouble.

In a way, Sir Hiram Maxim's new invention is also, like his gun, a killing machine, but of quite a different type. It kills microbes, and is acknowledged by all authorities to be the best method discovered to destroy the germs of Catarrh, and of all diseases of the breathing passages.

Those who have benefited already by the curative powers of this home treatment include sufferers from

CATARRH — DEAFNESS
EAR NOISES — ASTHMA
HAY FEVER — COLDS
CONGESTED & SORE THROAT

Thousands have already been cured by using this simple home treatment.

It was Sir Hiram Maxim's wish that all sufferers should have an opportunity of learning how he cured himself and how they can do the same in their own homes without any interference with their daily occupation.

YOUR FREE OPPORTUNITY.

With this object in view an interesting and illustrated booklet called the "Home Doctor" has been written, and a copy will be sent gratis to all who apply for it to-day.

Life-long sufferers, who have already obtained their copy of the free book, are writing every day to express their delight and gratitude at the marvellous recoveries they have made. They say that after a few minutes' use the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectorations diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually diminish. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly.

An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

You may have been disappointed by other methods making similar claims, but just consider the great reputation of the inventor—Sir Hiram Maxim—a name honoured the world over for his contributions to Science, and who has had decorations conferred on him by:

The King of Spain,
The King of Portugal,
The Emperor of China,
The French Govt., etc.

Sir Hiram Maxim's discovery has already been supplied by request to WINDSOR CASTLE, and has also been used successfully by the Duchess of Leeds, Lord Wallscourt, Admiral Sir William Kennedy, General Sir C. H. Smith, &c., &c., and by prominent leaders of society, and also by members of the Medical Profession, and by many thousands of people in all stations of life.

LEARN HOW TO CURE YOURSELF TO-DAY.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the "Home Doctor," describing his new home cure for catarrh, and such further free information in connection therewith which you think may be of interest to me from time to time

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(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr Lander, of Abbey Hill, Edinburgh, on 4th June, 1917, writes:—"I have been discharged from the Army suffering from lung trouble, terrible asthma and severe bronchitis for over a year, and I have tried every known remedy and the best doctors, with no result. My neighbours strongly urged me to try 'Liqufruta.' I said I suppose it will waste my money and be like the rest—no good. However, I, last Saturday, bought a bottle at Boots, and took two or three doses at night. On Sunday morning I found I had slept soundly, the first time I had been able to lie down and sleep for months. Having finished the first bottle, I got another, and it has made a new man of me; the way it fetched the phlegm up is wonderful. I am now going to work in the iron foundry." Just what happened to him can happen to you—will happen to you—for there has never been a failure yet, even if you suffer from consumption. "Liqufruta" is fifty times better than anything else.

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Liqufruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1917.

FACTS ABOUT MESSINES.

Messines is a town in Western Flanders with a population of about 5000. It was the scene of the famous charge of the London Scottish on October 31, 1914. The battleground is near to the Ypres salient, where the British, under Lord French, fought two great battles, which kept the German hordes from reaching Calais. The town is at the foot of the ridge, which has been in German hands since October, 1914, and has been a perpetual menace to our positions round Ypres. Now, as the result of one day's fighting, it has passed into our possession. The new offensive has brought about the thirteenth great battle of the war, and it may well turn out that that number will prove to be an extremely unlucky one for the enemy.

THE MESSINES RIDGE.

The famous Messines Ridge, which has practically been obliterated from the map by the great explosion of mines containing 4 million pounds of high explosives, is little more than a long gentle slope, broken by the sites of the towns of Wytschaete and Messines. Yet it was of great strategic importance to the Germans. It enabled them to dominate the British positions over a wide area, and while it remained in enemy occupation our hold on Ypres was rendered uncertain. Now that the Hindenburg defences at this point have been blasted to atoms Lille stands in danger of being outflanked in the direction of Menin and the enemy's right wing crumpled up towards the coast. Other dramatic developments are foreshadowed in the Berlin report of an intense bombardment on the sector from La Bassee to Lens.

AREA OF NEW BRITISH ADVANCE.

George Philip & Son, Ltd

The London Geographical Institute.

Never has the position in the west been fraught with greater strategic possibilities than those which are now being opened out by the new offensive on Belgian soil. An attack, heralded by the greatest explosion in history, has been delivered by the British Second Army over a nine miles' front, between Ypres and Ploegsteert Wood, on ground where our troops and the Germans have been facing each other since September, 1914. The map shows approximately the important gains which were achieved, even in the preliminary stages of the battle, and as the attack moves nearer and nearer to the coast the enemy, instead of struggling to reach Calais, may soon find himself striving to retain a hold on Ostend. A study of the map throws a most interesting light on Berlin's admissions regarding our successes. Hindenburg reported that we penetrated the German positions at St Eloi, Wytschaete, and Messines, and succeeded "in advancing, after stubborn, variable fighting, via Wytschaete and Messines," while the enemy retired on Hollebeke and Warneton. The Messines-Wytschaete Ridge was carried by our troops. La Douve Brook, of which Sir Douglas Haig's first dispatch spoke, is a mile south of Messines and 2¼ miles south of Wytschaete. The village of Oostaverne, which we captured in the centre of the straightened German salient, is approximately a mile east of Wytschaete.

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